

MISCELLANEOUS

P O E M S,

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

BY

K JANE ELIZABETH MOORE.



D U B L I N:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1796.

MICHAELSON

P. O. E. M. S.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

JOHN L. MURPHY

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DEDICATION.

WITH the diffidence becoming an Author of but moderate talents, I presume to dedicate to a candid and generous Public the following Work with all its deformities, chearfully submitting it to censure or approbation, agreeable to the application that may be made by its respective perusers. I do not possess a sufficient share of vanity to flatter myself with having the full approbation of every reader; yet from the great variety of subjects it contains, I trust I have furnished amusement for the leisure hours of each sex, age, and condition, under an idea, that the same generosity that has led them to encourage a stranger, will draw a line of impartiality through the whole, and confer a lasting obligation upon her who will ever retain a grateful sense of the favours received, and the hope of their farther continuance.

I remain, with all due respect,

The Public's most obedient,

And most devoted

Humble Servant,

JANE ELIZ. MOORE.

DEDICATION

WITH the kindest regards
an Author of the present volume, I dedicate
it to a friend and generous Public the
Rev. Wm. W. Phelps, D.D., of New York.
In dedicating it to you, I am conscious
that the application that may be made by the
respective parties, I do not possess a sufficient
share of variety to render useful with having the
full approbation of every reader; yet from the
great variety of subjects it contains, I trust I have
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sense of the favors received, and the hope of
their further continuance.

I remain, with all due respect,

Your friend and obedient servant,

JANE ELIZ. MOORE.

1841

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P O E M S, &c.

T O H O P E.

O THOU pure cordial to the human breast,
Thou only solace, when the soul wants rest;
Thou sov'reign clue, kind soother of our fears,
By thee upheld we banish irksome cares:
Thou whom the mariner adopts as foil,
To all his various wants and pressing toil;
To whom the soldier, in the field of war,
With courage true exalts his earnest prayer;
Who steers the statesman in his dread career!
By whom the lawyer most suppresses fear;
By whom the merchant, when the winds arouse
His anxious cares, doth well his thoughts compose;
To whom for traffic doth the trader look,
The author, craves a blessing on his book;
The pastor, who with care his flock attends,
Directs Hope's use, and points its various ends;
The artist who first treads the stage of life,
Invokes thy aid to bar his future strife;
The farmer, who when drought or rains prevail,
Applies to thee, and owns himself but frail:

Thou to the Deity his sanguine wish conveys;
 Who yields replete, and plenteously repays;
 His flocks new cloath'd, their fleecy tribute yield,
 While Ceres shines propitious in the field:
 If sickness stern our feeble frame torment,
 Thy friendly aid our potent fears prevent;
 And when to earth time yields our fragile clay,
 Thy cheering light conducts the devious way;
 The awful conflict seals, with mild support
 Shields us to heaven, tho' leaves our friends absorpt:
 Absorb'd in grief, a temporary pain,
 Who heave a friendly sigh, yet sigh in vain.
 The rich, the poor, the great and small alike,
 Each as they do apply, their passions strike;
 They foster each in turn within their breast,
 Their wish, their pray'r, their want, their rest;
 When heav'n, attentive to the vot'ries call,
 Yields, as for good, it's care alike to all:
 If wealth denies, 'tis for some secret cause,
 If trouble sends, perverts not nature's laws;
 And if the contrast does at times pervade,
 Some secret ends envelop'd in the shade:
 As each for good alternately extends,
 And pow'r supreme directs it's pointed end;
 If such prolific sweets thy altar smoke,
 Who can attentive cease thee to invoke?
 If such thy cordial aid, my soul aspire,
 Exalted string aloud thy tuneful lyre?
 By thee consol'd, I'll view the varied scene,
 And tread on vice with mind compos'd serene;
 I'll view her checker'd scenes and motely tribe,
 Howe'er embellish'd, trample on the bribe,
 Which

Which her alluring fiend would fain dispense,
 Nor yield to trifles here of time and sense ;
 Yield not, I mean, my soul's enclos'd repose,
 But point to Virtue, sweeten'd as the rose :
 Such sweets alone can ease and pleasure bring,
 They'll yield to winter's shade the bloom of spring ;
 She as thy votary can alone preside,
 Where'er thou art, and where thou deign'st to guide :
 Thy choicest gifts, O Goddess ! sweet dispose,
 And waft aloft thy bless'd offspring, those
 Who wing'd by thee their tuneful lays exalt,
 Whose foster'd care absolves their keenest fault :
 Of thee they sing, to thy blest dictates yield,
 Led on by thee, they scorn life's dreary field ;
 Their anchor thou, thy potent aid transcends,
 To ev'ry purpose sends most gracious ends ;
 Which, tho' in fable wreath'd, in wisdom shine,
 And prove thee emblem of the great divine !
 Thou dost in infant age inspire the mind,
 And as for greater work we seem design'd ;
 Led on each stage, on emulation's ground,
 Unfinish'd still our barren nature's found ;
 Till urg'd by thee, bless'd temper of the mind,
 We soar from stage to stage till Hope we find ;
 Equal alike to each aspiring breast,
 Till time and nature end in nature's rest.

*To Mr. —, a Youth of 17 Years of Age, and who
died at 23.*

WHILST youth impetuous all the man pervades,
In all life's chequer'd scenes and varied shades,
Let noblest virtues ever warm your breast,
Like charms they'll lull the troubl'd soul to rest;
Imprinted on the mind they'll genial glow,
And add to fortune all their lustrous shew,
More than the pow'r of wealth can e'er bestow. }
As cares industrious mark the worldly field,
Let filial duties all their comforts yield;
Let moderation all your conduct guide,
Extremes and all attendant ills avoid, }
Nought then but prudence will you want beside. }

C R E A T I O N,

From the Beginning of Genesis,

ADDRESSED TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THOU Sov'reign Great! of Nature's sacred laws,
Thou Origin Divine of every cause!
Omnipotent! Supreme! Beginning, End!
Thou all Majestic! doeth thy works portend.
Thou who from chaos drew the solid earth!
And to all elemental powers gave birth:

Thou

Thou who to void all parts component gave,
 And rais'd the Heavens from Ocean's wat'ry grave!
 Who, when dread darkness reign'd throughout the
 whole,
 By thy bright Spirit darkness did controul;
 On wings of wind in fiery chariot led,
 And rais'd a world before profoundly dead
 Thou, who Thou art, did'st wondrously display,
 " Let there be light," and lo behold 'twas day!
 Great was the word which did this act bespeak;
 This was the first great day of Nature's week!
 This first great work was good by God decreed:
 Next waters rush around with ardent speed,
 Obedient they, nor orders could withstand,
 While columns bright! majestically grand!
 Rose from their centre to the vaulting skies,
 By the grand fiat of the Good and Wise!
 Celestial regions soar aloft to shine,
 " The Heaven it's name," as by command Divine.
 The second day with equal glory shone,
 And powers proclaim'd, before that day unknown!
 From purling rills, next rapid streams appear
 In heaps collected by command they steer:
 Next land sprung up, on which no man had trod,
 Which, wond'rous act, proclaim'd aloud a God!
 By order, banks in solid form arose,
 Inclosing waves which varied winds compose;
 Which but thus circl'd would their bounds extend,
 " Thus far" the word, not farther shalt thou send,
 Thy foaming billows in themselves shall end.
 Grass, herbs, fruit, flow'rs, with ambient savor rose,
 Trees good for use the forests rude disclose,
 Each part with other the great work compose.

Thus

Thus did the second day in splendour shine,
 Extending beauties in the work Divine!
 Azurian grandeur grac'd the third day's scene,
 With plans transcendant in the spheres serene;
 Night from the day was in due portions shar'd,
 And each their order regular declar'd;
 Still streams effulgent in the planets shine,
 The radiant sun proclaims his glory Thine!
 "The placid moon and stars which Him attend,
 "Denote alike their beauty, use and end."
 He on his orbit still each day consoles,
 His heat transmitting to the various poles;
 Withdraws the curtain of the sable night,
 And ushers in the new-born day with light.
 Thus distant ages this great work enjoy,
 And bless the third day's work which did thy hand
 employ.

The fourth day next terrestrial plans display'd,
 Compleat in verdure was the earth array'd;
 "Prolific yield," was the All-wise decree!
 The sound re-echo'd both to land and sea;
 Abundant let thy finny race produce,
 And thou, O Earth! thy various fowls for use;
 Bloom forth thy beauties and thy odors send,
 Thy produce yield and thy glad scenes extend;
 Aerial songsters, let thy groves adorn,
 Thy God has rais'd thee who was once forlorn;
 Thy varied beauties in creation shine,
 Earth, air, and sea thy various gifts entwine;
 Mountainous bodies in salt ocean play,
 From whose huge nostrils limpid fountains spray:

As

As whales by man are seen, Leviathan unknown,
 Still reigns ambiguous on his watery throne!
 Mark well the wonders of Creation still,
 What mountains rise, and how subdu'd at will;
 That will, which can alone our actions guide,
 And still supports us on life's fluxing tide.
 Four days revolv'd, the fifth it's course pursues,
 The ductile earth bespank'd o'er with dews;
 Congenial blessings with the sea partook,
 And, in obedience, spread forth Nature's book;
 At thy command did animation spring,
 Earth, air, and sea their various tributes bring;
 Beasts, birds, fowls, cattle, their department tread,
 To birth they spring, and the glad earth o'erspread;
 All which partake the Providential care
 Of Nature's God, who gives to each their share;
 Compleat the earth, all else in Nature plac'd,
 And all it's beauties with it's Maker grac'd;
 This day the elemental scene compris'd,
 And thy great power still greater work devis'd.
 The sixth day shone in work much greater still,
 And plac'd on earth a man of mortal will;
 Of structure beauteous, and yet free from sin,
 Of God-like image, but no God within:
 Compleat this day in what was good began,
 Creation void appear'd without a man;
 Pleas'd God announc'd, that all he'd done was good!
 That all he'd order'd in grand order stood;
 "Nostrils to man he gave and blew in breath,
 "Who as that breath accepted drew in death!"
 Rest God pronounc'd the seventh day and took,
 And all his labours on that day forsook;

That all his creatures might that day enjoy,
 And to his praise their leisure hours employ;
 The ground to plant, and cautious sow the seed,
 Was the great work for mortal man decreed;
 To whom for use was every creature given,
 That spheres inhabit betwixt earth and heaven;
 A name to each this happy man could give,
 To every creature which on earth did live;
 All to attend him his commands receiv'd,
 And all submissive his commands believ'd;
 Content still unmatu'r'd within his breast,
 He crav'd to be with some sweet helpmate blest:
 Our courteous God soon with his wish comply'd,
 Nor longer what he crav'd to him denied;
 But, in a slumber, Adam's cares compos'd,
 And with sweet sleep his wearied eye-lids clos'd;
 When, marv'llous deed! from man a rib he chose,
 A mate to form who should his cares compose;
 Flesh of his flesh, with unison of bone,
 Kind Heaven's decree announc'd them both as one!
 No prior claim shall friends or parents make,
 But each with other shall their portion take;
 Their happy moments and keen sorrows share,
 And patient take their wonted lot of care.
 The human structure, in proportion wrought,
 Exceeded far each ecstasy of thought;
 Their occult faculties could scarce perceive,
 What of each other they could e'er conceive;
 Each symmetry of feature Adam view'd,
 In pleasing pathos every thought pursu'd;
 Hymeneal joys with innocence surround,
 While ev'ry look was with fresh pleasure crown'd;

And

And Eve with manners mild in love conform'd,
 And with sweet smiles her ev'ry right perform'd:
 Thus while perfection did them both furround,
 No anxious thoughts could in their minds be found:
 Elyfian joys combin'd were then compleat,
 With innocence array'd they took their feat;
 While thus impartial they Creation saw,
 With wonder struck they both appear in awe;
 Each on the other with amazement look,
 While Nature's order their attention took;
 Earth, air, and water, each with meaning plac'd,
 Mountains and hills with various beauties grac'd;
 Herbs, fruits, and flowers, declar'd the Almighty's
 While Animation in all forms was tame; [fame,
 Nature's ferocity in all was quell'd,
 Till man himself, by sin, that gift repell'd;
 Orbs, planets, all around him glorious shone,
 Nor scorching heat, or cold, to him were known;
 Full he enjoy'd whate'er his thoughts conceiv'd,
 Till means the Serpent us'd and him deceiv'd:
 O! Serpent dire! who our first peace broke,
 More cruel still, that thy posterior yoke
 Should wound the guiltless of the future age,
 That all mankind should share thy dreadful rage!
 That thy envenom'd hate to bliss so pure,
 Though thou art punish'd, yields to them no cure:
 Still shall thy Maker o'er thee terror spread,
 Tho' thou the heel may bruise, the bruise shall reach
 thy head.
 O! Thou Creator of the human race,
 Whose eye discerning every act can trace;

'Tis thou that can'st the Serpent's power disarm,
 And of his future wiles correct the charm :
 To Thee, O Lord ! of all our pray'rs and praise
 We offer, that thou may'st thro' all our days
 Protect us from that cruel foe's design,
 And prove in all our ways that we are "thine :"
 In acts of friendship may each other aid,
 And grace the hand from which we own we're made.

*To a Gentleman, who said he could not shun the
 Glass when an Opportunity offered.*

TO Bacchus, you say, 'tis devoted you are,
 That in wine your crude sorrows you drown,
 Banish trouble and care, and with joy do prepare,
 With songs and with pleasure dull hours to crown.

But where is Reflexion ? where's Virtue so bright ?
 The monitor secret, that beautiful guide,
 That describes well our vices, and holds to our fight
 All that's dear, and where truth doth preside.

'Sure such invitations to health and to ease,
 No mortal of reason or sense can withstand,
 Sure Minerva, bright goddess, more truly might
 Temptations in time to avoid understand. [please ;
 Least

Least urg'd to revenge, injur'd nature recoils,
 And provokes, in her turn, stern disease;
 While concomitants dire, in her train as her spoils,
 Shou'd assault when you most wish for ease.

This caution, ye gent's, who at Bacchus's shrine,
 Youth, beauty and health do thus boldly defy;
 Accept from a Friend, who no foe is to wine,
 When with prudence 'tis us'd, but to drink when
 we're dry.

To a Lady on the sudden Death of her Husband.

WHILE you Fate's dire decree in tears lament,
 And sighs your mind depress and fears torment,
 That Death in Autumn's shade his pointed dart,
 Has sudden levell'd at your Husband's heart;
 That heart, which firm, you did in union hold,
 As husband, father, was in friendship bold;
 Who did at Virtue's shrine due tribute pay,
 And sought, as just, the Will Supreme t'obey;
 That Will which can alone our path direct,
 And, if we err, can us alone protect;
 Can thro' the various scenes of Life's wide span,
 Support the infant and conduct the man;
 As he, from stage to stage, in full career,
 Looks upward first, then down again must steer;

From

From child to man, who but looks round and smiles,
 Till Time forbids the laugh, and thus recoils;
 Bring back to childhood once the man compleat,
 Who in the circle shone as truly great;
 Be this a lesson true to all who read,
 That pomp with Time is mockery indeed;
 Grim Death and Time alike their pow'r extend,
 To nip in bloom, nor spare or foe or friend;
 In one sad hour the Tyrant's grim commands,
 A widow makes and widow's friend demands!
 But still consol'd, a parent you remain,
 To sons and daughters fair in Virtue's train;
 With you in anxious cares they will partake,
 Pathetic sooth you for their Father's sake;
 To you the friendly balm of filial aid,
 They'll yield replete in Plenty's grateful shade;
 And, as above, you do for bliss apply,
 Exalt your wish, on truth alone rely;
 God will your calm desires in reason grant,
 Will succour you, and yield you all you want.
 Live then resign'd, and death to you will seem,
 No more, in faith, than will a Christian's dream!
 Triumphant may you pass Life's thorny road,
 And in full time return your breath to God.

To a Gentleman on the Death of his Wife.

WHILE you, my friend, in sable sorrow weep,
 My muse no longer can in silence sleep;
 But sighing, rends my heart in mournful lay,
 While thus she does, as due, her tribute pay,
 In solitary tear, at Virtue's shrine,
 The loss lament, which is both your's and mine.
 Mild partner in your cares, your bosom friend,
 Thro' life's wide path her bounty did extend,
 And each kind act with charity did blend:
 When sickness tried, with patient hope she smil'd,
 Nor was by ghastly terror e'er beguil'd;
 Her pious acts did every fear disarm,
 And prov'd the power Religion has to charm.
 She's soar'd above, on Truth's celestial wing!
 In choir to join, with Angels sweet to sing!
 While we on earth, still clad in mortal clay,
 In sin lament, life's dreary path to stray:
 Still comfort seek, and all your cares resign
 To that great Power, who can your griefs confine,
 Your bliss secure, and wisely "kiss the rod,"
 The heart you priz'd was the kind gift of God.

*To Mr. and Mrs. L——, in Richmond Park,
Description of its Fertility in Spring.*

THO' by life's active scenes I'm yet restrain'd,
Nor to my friends can lend Attention's ear,
Where Philomel in mournful notes complain'd,
And with her song dispers'd the rising tear.

Yet while my thoughts to Richmond still repair,
In all the lively glow of rapture gay,
Each pleasure past returns reflected here,
And Friendship's call I seek but to obey.

While smiling Spring from Winter's chaos hies,
Her foliage green, her blossoms sweet expand,
Beauty diffuses, and dull clouds desies,
By ordinance divine, supreme command.

Fertile alike, progressively it yields
Sweet herbage, which at ev'n and early dawn
Natures in turn, with produce of the fields,
The fallow deer and eke the skipping fawn.

Where verdant lawns the chequer'd views adorn,
Where now the violet sweet and primrose gay,
Alternate each, enamel'd gild the morn,
Balsamic fragrance yield each rising day.

The

The ewe and lamb in sportive gambols play,
 The fleeting hares the courser's footsteps shun;
 In limpid streams the fishes here display
 Their beauteous colours in the shining sun.

Each yearly course the herds their tribute pay,
 For food the feather'd throng you daily seek,
 They no ingratitude to you betray,
 But cheerful look and true content bespeak.

The industrious bees collect their choicest store,
 From herbs and flowers their balmy sweets distil,
 Prolific yield to man, what oft' is more
 Of healing virtue than Galenic skill.

While thus within the circled span you trace
 Nature's profusion in the varied scene,
 And while with Royalty your meads are grac'd,
 What more's requir'd to make your breast serene.

Lines

Lines upon the same beautiful Season.

PROLIFIC powers extend thy aid sublime,
 That I with beauteous scenes may deck my rhyme,
 Which rob'd in Spring array'd in nature gay,
 At large expanding shews each rising day:
 With strains melodious, hark! the air resounds,
 Mark how the grove with choristers abounds,
 Their love song strains in union they sing,
 Aloft they soar, aloud their echos ring:
 In praises loud, a Power Supreme they own,
 Whose wise decrees their wants with plenty crown;
 Each lawn surrounding in perspective view,
 In kine abounding the rich prospects shew;
 Both strength they yield, and luxury supply,
 For cloathing useful, in their turn they die;
 While sportive lambs, with pleasure skip and play,
 In bleating sounds their grateful thanks convey;
 Whose fleecy tribute Nature's chills defy,
 Nor dread the knife, but yield without a sigh:
 The frisking colt, it's dam for succour greets,
 Who heedless strides, nor future hardship meets;
 His well strung nerves, his pride in battle shews,
 Shines in the race, in chace he swift pursues:
 All animation in gradation roves,
 The sun full glorious round his orbit moves;
 His genial warmth to all around displays,
 And Nature mantles with his gladd'ning rays;

Vicegerent

Vicegerent just to Heav'n's all-wise decree,
 His chearing beams embellish earth and sea;
 At his appearance vegetations spring,
 Vallies and hills with smiling plenty sing.
 But stop, my Muse, nor rapid take thy flight,
 Spring before Autumn rural scenes unite;
 The snow-drop first in order does appear,
 Rob'd as the herald of the rising year;
 Others alike their varied forms disclose,
 The well-dress'd tulip and the scented rose;
 In tints redundant they their scents diffuse,
 Throughout the air alike in both profuse.
 See next the verdure green in tender blade,
 First shoots, then spreads abroad it's varied shade;
 Shrubs to the insect juice in plenty yield,
 Each to their kind in Nature's ample field;
 While odors sweet the various blooms dispense,
 So highly grateful to th' enraptur'd sense:
 Th' industrious bee and ant with care preserve
 Sufficient stock which may the winter serve;
 Their labours all their care do well repay;
 To man a useful lesson they convey:
 Mortals this solemn truth in time apply,
 Man, like the plants, sooner or late must die.

A SONG ON THE SAME.

YE Vot'ries to love and kind reason attend,
 Fair Flora's sweet season is near;
 The grove choristers join, their sweet music they blend,
 While Nature revives the dull year:

Her blushes thro' roses and woodbines displays,
 While the lilly her sweetness expands,
 See blossoms prolific her bounty repays,
 See the herds skipping brisk o'er the lands.

To love, rural sport, and sweet innocence sing,
 To virtue and peace tune the lyre;
 Such pastimes, ye fair ones, will happiness bring,
 And will stem each ambitious desire:

Their evergreen arbours dull envy defy,
 Her chills no chaste bosom can harm;
 To the Graces, their guardians, they ardently fly,
 Who directs them with Friendship to charm.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

FRRIENDSHIP, thou sacred theme of bards divine,
 Thou goddess of the virtues, still incline
 Thy potent aid, my languid Muse proclaims,
 And hails thy god-like acts in mortal names;
 Such while I live may still with warmth combine,
 My Muse to urge in every stage and line;
 Where'er the Fates, who just in their decree,
 Shall deign that I their noble acts may see;
 May I with fortitude which owns the just,
 Pliantly yield and confidently trust;
 Tho' clouds o'ershade my once resplendent days,
 Hope still presides and gleams it's friendly rays;
 Still then I'll sing of Friendship's sacred glow,
 The gods but little else on mortals can bestow.

A PASTORAL SONG.

[Written in Consequence of an Exception being taken by the
 Author at a Gentleman's saying that Simplicity had died with
 SHENSTON.]

WHEN Flora, the goddess of Nature's perfumes,
 Embellish'd the earth with her flowers and blooms;
 The hedges were deck'd with the ensigns of May,
 And the sweet feather'd songsters did warble away.

In

In this æra of pleasures, with innocence drest,
 The nymphs and the swains their love ardor express;
 They sung to the pipe, and danc'd merrily round,
 While mirth, harmless mirth, all their pastimes did
 crown.

Of those who led forth in the circle of fame,
 For their beauty of person, their learning and name,
 Were Strephon and Sylvia, of worth well renown'd,
 And merit so great, that with myrtles they're crown'd,

With violets deck'd, as an emblem of grace,
 And the rose to bespeak the sweet hue of her face,
 The lilly, so fair, did most cordially join,
 That Sylvia for wealth should scorn to repine.

For gold can afford, with it's glitt'ring pow'r,
 But temp'rary ease, the joy of an hour;
 'Tis Virtue alone, that can point out true ease,
 For gold has it's thorns, though a time it may please.

Their virtues uniting, they shortly agreed
 To the altar of Hymen to hie with full speed;
 Thro' life they now glide in harmony sweet,
 An emblem to all that would happiness meet.

FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP AND FASHION,

*Alluding to the first being amply displayed in a plain
Habit upon a very distressing Occasion.*

AS Friendship and Fashion, two Dames of renown,
Were talking o'er matters that past in the town,
You may wonder perhaps at such a strange meeting,
As Fashion was flouncing and Friendship was knitting.
Said Fashion to Friendship, how you spend your time,
At your age you might have been making of rhyme;
Said the last, you mistake my abilities much,
Being train'd but to read and to write and do such,
As might make me useful in hospitable life,
To train up my children and make a good wife:
Like the bee, to collect from Economy's flow'r,
And administer balm in a comfortless hour;
Where poverty enters the door of the just,
As what Providence sends is only in trust;
Where dread persecution up-rears it's grim head,
Against the oppress'd, or against the misled:
To such, my good friend, I most freely contribute,
Such means, it is clear, metamorphose the brute.
As Music, so Friendship has charms in itself,
So, Old England, a sordid attachment to pelf,
Ne'er acknowledg'd, but kindly at all times held out
Her aid to the sailor, and soldier worn out:
This incense on altars must reach to the skies,
And bear up it's vot'ries on Charity's sighs;

While

While in praises she sings to the Giver of good,
 Rewards holding out where Vice is withstood.
 Said Fashion, I own what you say has it's uses,
 Yet still my attachment I form for the Muses.
 The Muses, said Friendship, are well learn'd ladies,
 But the Virtues to them are as roses to daisies.
 Repli'd Fashion, what card can we send to invite them?
 What story to tell that will quickly excite 'em?
 Said Friendship, I'll tell you a tale that's too true,
 Quite recent in mind, known to more than a few:
 A Widow oppress'd, tho' still high in repute,
 To the failings of friends long kept herself mute;
 Till by those who her troubles pretended to share,
 She was hurried to prison, 'twas very hard fare;
 My province it was such a cause to espouse,
 Where diffidence barr'd all intent to disclose.
 Fair Truth, when thus urg'd, stood forth in her cause,
 And claim'd the protection of Britain's kind laws;
 The story sufficient, the Virtues stept forth,
 When Benevolence first, as the goddess of worth,
 Declar'd it became her to help the distress,
 But her smiles were sufficient 'till wrongs were redrest.
 Next Justice, who'd heard the thread of the story,
 Said her sword she'd not sheath 'till it ended in glory;
 For if she lost sight of a cause so distressing,
 She could not expect to inherit the blessing,
 Intended for such as on earth do their duty,
 As that would deprive even Truth of her beauty.
 Next the goddess of Liberty smil'd at the door,
 Without whose assistance the rest lost their power;
 She bad walls defiance, and open'd the gate,
 With the victim in hand, to her foes the dire hate;
 But

But follow'd by Bounty, which constitutes man,
 Bid her bring up the rear, while she led in the van.
 Said Fashion, good Madam, I thank you full well,
 Yield my heart to advise such a story to tell;
 For as Virtues like fruits, with a shield are encrusted,
 The skin must be broke e'er the fruit can be tasted.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

AWAKE, my soul! sublimely praise!
 In triumph aim your voice to raise!

And bless this glorious morn.

Hail! Heavenly Choir! who deign to sing,

To us a Councillor and King,

To us a Child is born.

The Prince of Peace to us is sent,

From Judah has the sceptre rent,

And government prescribes;

His throne on earth he humbly seats,

Goodwill to men he mildly states,

To Gentiles and to Jewish tribes.

Then rest consol'd my nobler part,

Let this great Prince possess your heart,

His precepts yield a cure;

In needful time he'll send you aid,

If you to him in pray'r have made,

Request sincere and pure.

Glory

Glory to God! who reigns above!
Whom Saints adore and Angels love!
To Him all praise be given!
Ye hosts of men who liv'd on earth;
All who progressive live and breath,
Your voices raise to Heaven!

Hallelujah! Amen!

HYMN FOR EASTER-DAY.

HAIL! Heavenly Muse, in lays sublime!
Proclaim the glorious morn!
Celestial joys rehearse in rhyme,
That Christ on earth was born.

*In Hallelujahs Angels join!
And Chorus sing to God Divine!*

My soul thy choicest tribute bring,
With organs loud display;
Join thou, my heart, the tuneful string,
And hail this happy day.

In Hallelujahs, &c.

This day which did in triumph great,
Our hope in glory shew;
Which joys proclaim'd to men compleat,
Who keep a Heaven in view.

In Hallelujahs, &c.

Bliss that's pure, the sound proclaims!

Above the starry sky;
And hails aloft the happy names,
Of those who faithful die.

In Hallelujahs, &c.

Who own'd a Saviour on the cross,

Who own'd him in the grave;
Who own'd he could "redeem our loss,"
And own'd his power to save.

In Hallelujahs, &c.

To Him who now in glory great!

Above presides among
Seraphs, Martyrs, Prophets, Saints!
Give praise in joyful song.

In Hallelujahs Angels join!

And Chorus sing to God Divine!

E

A QUES-

A Q U E S T I O N
T O T H E
S O C I E T Y O F F R E E M A S O N S .

YE Brethren Masonic of ancient degree,
Who for ages have boasted of being "quite free;"
But whence, my good Sirs, does this freedom arise?
When so many thousands, who wish to be wise,
Are suing instructions you boldly deny;
The answer is tacit, pray tell me for why?
The knowledge you prize were it once but made
known,
Might soften the manners and model the clown;
The secret so valu'd, once known to the fair,
Might improve on ideas by feminine air;
Then why were your tenets so cruelly prest,
As not to admit of a plume in your crest?
That an emblem of union would boldly proclaim,
By admitting, "quite freely," each well-inform'd
dame,
Who such secret would keep on the terms of ad-
mission,
And her sacred word pledge on obtaining permission:
Your answer is claim'd, why you thus should refuse,
The requests of the fair, who were born to amuse.

ANSWER,

A N S W E R,

By T. W. M——A, Esq.

YOU'VE ask'd why our secrets are kept from the clown,

And why to the fair we do not make them known;
That a clown should partake of our mystery divine,
As well might you bid us cast pearl before swine:
And as to the fair, why since truth I must tell,
Their foibles and frailties we all know too well;
But as Masons should ever from babling forbear,
I'll pass by in silence the faults of the fair;
Their merits acknowledge, nor can I do less,
They were born to amuse us, but never to bless.

To T. W. M——A, Esq.

By JANE ELIZ. MOORE.

YOUR answer I've read, and lament with surprize,
That the fair should appear so frail in your eyes;
Reflect, that the errors you so keenly scan,
Are such as are taught them by still frailer man:
If the clown you could polish from nature's rude mass,
It would greatly embellish your much renown'd class.
Your secret, how futile soe'er it may be,
Savors not of *pro bono* we all daily see;
And since Heaven's gifts you so badly define,
I fear 'tis our sex are as "pearl before swine."

AN

AN APOLOGY

For the present Minister's Taxations, on his first Entrance into Office; comparing his Predecessor to the Ostrich, that Bird laying her eggs in the Sand, leaves them to be hatched by the Heat of the Sun—written nearly about the Time of that Event taking place.

THE Ostrich, careless of her trust,
Her eggs deposits in the dust,
Till by the genial warmth of sun,
The shells are broke and birds can run,

So of the nation's debt 'tis clear,
It hover'd long in dread arrear,
While N—th the magic egg could hide,
He stemmed Inquiry's rapid tide.

But when, by heat, the shell gave way,
The owner could no longer stay;
The millions long by dust o'erspread,
Now wreck'd dread vengeance on his head.

The brood at large, no parent near,
No stipend for the rising year;
Till P—t, aloud, their wants declar'd,
And taxes to the nation shar'd.

To

TO WILLIAM HENRY RICKETS, Esq.

*On his rebuilding (with great Improvements) the
House at Horton, in Bucks, in which the celebrated
MR. MILTON wrote his much admired Poem of
Paradise Lost.*

AID me, ye powers, the tribute due to yield
To this lov'd spot, where once our greatest bard,
Th' immortal MILTON, so sublimely trac'd
The Elysian joys; here he pourtray'd man's fall;
Here he, in strains divine, at once explain'd
The first grand errors of that creature Man,
Frail in th' extreme, with vices over-run,
Replete with guilt, regretting all the scenes
Of past felicity, but languid in the attempt
At reformation; pliant on he yields
To the seducer's wiles, he should with care have
shunn'd,
Nor trod the mazy paths to him unknown,
Where Folly, gaudily attir'd, displays
Allurements baited with the specious garb
Of ease and luxury, but whose barbed hook
Sooner or later tears the mind within,
And oft so well conceal'd, that Virtue's self,
In innocence array'd, can scarce withstand
Her mighty powers: Morality alone
Can shield her fav'rite from the conflict dire,
And fix Religion on her seat secure:

This

This, this alone, those joys can re-assure,
 Which realiz'd, hereafter we shall taste.
 Celestial bliss! reserv'd alone for those
 Who speak the praises of that mighty One,
 Who bid this wretched world from nothing spring,
 Divine Creator! thus inspir'd by Thee,
 Unparalleled our MILTON nobly sung.

A N O T H E R,

Intended to be placed in the House.

STOP here, ye bards, whom sacred notes inspire,
 Whom Heaven has warm'd with pure Poetic fire;
 Celestial Choirs attend! descriptions faint,
 Approach this place and canonize your Saint.
 Such, O ye Muses! must your MILTON be,
 This spot reveres the name you'll plainly see;
 This spot on which he heaven and earth survey'd,
 Man's fall revis'd and copiously obey'd;
 Obey'd those powers which were but once bestow'd
 In one meridian age, alone they glow'd;
 Glow'd in a breast, chaste, pure, sublime and great,
 Conspicuous not in riches or in state;
 Yet wreath'd with laurel then, and now in stone,
 His merit shines in ages not his own:
 Immortal he! whose works resplendent shine,
 Who liv'd replete on earth with gifts divine.

To

TO THE SAME

GENTLEMAN AND FAMILY,

*On their unexpected Departure for the Island of
Jamaica, in August 1785.*

AS each progressive season onward moves,
So each distinguish'd passion varied roves;
Their changes each do variously display,
And something new marks each upon their way.
Man's breast, the parterre, passions quick are found,
Where each prevail as varied in the ground:
The soil from Nature, and where Virtues shoot,
Reason matures, and Friendship warms the root.
Prolific sweets they copiously dispense,
Charming the soul and quick'ning ev'ry sense.
But while spontaneous all those beauties yield,
And Friendship shades Affliction's dreary field,
Vice, the grand cheque upon all human bliss,
Stalks o'er the stage and makes the whole amiss;
When Av'rice, Envy, and the ghostly tribe,
Preside in turn, hold forth th' alluring bribe;
Jointly they meet, and strive man's peace to claim,
Pervert the laws, and purge the sacred name;
Crude is th' idea, callous is the thought,
To cancel pleasure wheresoe'er 'tis sought.
Just so, my friends, has lurk'd behind the scene,
The conflict dire, which clouds my bliss serene;
While to my arms so ardently I press'd
Your cordial aid, it sooth'd my wounded breast:

But

But since to plough the main you are decreed,
 May heaven direct and winds advance your speed;
 To waft you safe to India's bounteous land,
 Where you may every sanguine wish command;
 May Justice plead, and Truth confirm your cause;
 May power supreme support your country's laws;
 That you may safe return to Britain's land,
 Where you may long life's ev'ry ill withstand;
 May you enjoy in calm and cordial ease,
 That bliss you give, and which is sure to please,
 Where aid transcendent can each bosom warm;
 For where the Virtues reign no Vice can harm.
 No harm essential can that breast pervade,
 Who floats thro' life in Friendship's beaming shade;
 The Power Supreme will such with care attend,
 And will the same from every ill defend.
 For such protection I those powers invoke,
 To shield you ever from each adverse stroke;
 That health and ease may long with you reside,
 And bear you up in life's impetuous tide.
 Accept, my friends, this hearty wish sincere,
 And with you take my every earnest pray'r;
 That e'er Time wings it's way with too much haste,
 My craving soul may taste it's grand repast,
 Once more to feel in hours convivial here,
 That pleasure which none else but friends can share.

TO

TO MAJOR MONEY*.

AT HIS OWN REQUEST,

On the Author's Perusal of his Manuscript Narrative, describing
his last Aerial Voyage, on 23d July, 1785—written in 1786.

YOUR narrative with pleasure, Sir, I read,
And welcome bid you from among the dead;
Once more to social scenes on earth arriv'd,
From strife of elemental toil reviv'd;
From heights tremendous awfully display'd,
From earth to air, from air to sea betray'd;
Where treach'rous Boreas twice before thy friend,
As mortals do, a flattering sound did send;
The false deluder did the contrast shew,
When splendid horror open'd to thy view;
Toss'd on each angry wave proud Neptune sent,
Who spurn'd that bubble air which from vain mortals
went:

Death, his vicegerent, did his dart prepare,
The tyrants thought thy vital frame to share;
No doubt the capture they combin'd to own,
When man to man's distress appear'd unknown †.
The torrent strong thus stem'd progressive strife;
The human mirror pictur'd painful life;

* He assisted at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope.

† Alluding to the Major being refused admittance into a
Dutch vessel, under an idea of his being the devil.

Efforts attending Nature's wonted rest,
 That vagrant spectre, dire Despair! oppress;
 The complex passions had long time elate,
 In awful traits held up a varied fate;
 Till Hope, that cordial aid, an anchor prov'd,
 To yield that comfort which was long remov'd:
 Till, in a bark, kind Sympathy appear'd,
 And rising life again your senses chear'd;
 With langour wearied, yet with pleasing pain,
 Exertion prov'd a salutary gain;
 Each care now blending, life o'er death prevail'd,
 And cheerful you for land with pleasure sail'd;
 The contrast scenes, I own, my feelings tried,
 While yet I see your providential guide;
 Well you decide to all who doubtful seem,
 This recent lesson hold, a pleasing theme;
 Hope will support thro' life if well apply'd,
 Despair withdraw when you the passions chide:
 But least the texture, which so fine is wrought,
 Should shew resistance in a future thought,
 Sooth well the pleasure you propense enjoy,
 On earth content your future hours employ;
 The scene transparent hold to Reason's eye,
 Her voice attend—she lives below the sky.

ODE

O D E

FOR HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

PRESENTED 5th FEB. 1786,

WHEN the grand fiat was to chaos given,
Earth, by command divine, the will obey'd;
Laws, customs, manners, were receiv'd from Heav'n,
And various climes were variously array'd.

Emp'rors, kings, rulers, each in turn preside,
Males, females, each have boasted of their pride;
Queens have the sceptre sway'd and subjects
rul'd,

The scale of justice pois'd and wisdom shew'd;
Kingdoms, towns, cities, have of war had share,
Judges of laws have had appointed care.

Of those whose strict commands succeed divine,
Sparta her lessons did at large explore,
Athens at Learning's most devoted shrine,
Amplly to all the world display'd her store;
Her copious lessons did around expand,
Aspiring ages have her laurels plum'd;
While Rome in arts prolific spread her hand,
And her proud empire o'er the world assum'd.

Sexes

Sexes alike in war their skill have shewn,
 Cross harrow'd plains in mail their course have
 hewn.

If Hector's worth declar'd abroad his fame,
 Courage in turn adorn'd the Spartan Dame :
 No martial din with fear their breasts assail,
 No timid fears could o'er their minds prevail ;
 And if for art in war they merit claim'd,
 Success acquir'd their noble feats proclaim'd.
 Though Joan of Arc ordeal death bespoke,
 Eliza's milder manners veil'd her yoke ;
 The hostile Spaniards to her valour yield,
 Their colours strike, the triumphs in the field.
 Anna's just reign true warlike genius own'd,
 And Marlborough's labours with a Blenheim
 crown'd.

But since on Brunswick's line our hopes we rest,
 The powers above no female aid have plann'd,
 Arts more refin'd have their mild efforts blest ;
 Their fertile race those lessons hard withstand.
 Their pow'r with Pleasure softer passions strew,
 Charm'd by the Muses their glad sound convey,
 Domestic joys announce, their splendor shew,
 And the glad summons of true bliss obey.

If Caroline for manners pure was known,
 Sure Charlotte's merit shall be Britain's own :
 See dawning virtues with the sun arise,
 Her natal day proclaims her good and wise.
 Succeeding ages, each attach'd to fame,
 Alike have shewn their passions as their name ;

Till

Till milder manners of the rude took place,
 And Learning's rudiments adorn'd each race ;
 To male the martial valour due has giv'n,
 And solv'd the female for the joys of Heav'n,

Those softer joys Brittania's clime must share,
 No motley errors cloud her Regal Throne ;
 For bliss above such merit must prepare,
 Such bliss, ye Britons, make alike your own.
 In this glad triumph of the female song,
 Celestial sisters join the cordial train,
 Hail our bless'd Queen with that immortal throng,
 Whom virtuous Truth exalted will maintain.

May you, great Charlotte, those great truths
 sublime,

Impart to long, to long extended time ;
 May that stern herald long your stay proclaim,
 That your lov'd subjects may declare your fame ;
 Congenial pleasures still your breast enshrine,
 Your race resplendent in your virtues shine.
 This be thy lot on this terrestrial coast,
 And future glory be thy greatest boast.

THE BEAUTIES OF
WINDSOR AND THE CASTLE,

*With a Description of the different Counties in sight
from the Round Tower,*

[Presented with the foregoing Ode]

LET bards inspir'd their tuneful notes display,
And mark each city in progressive way.
My theme is Windsor, all it's views I'll trace,
And all the charms of this enchanting place.
Aid my descriptions pow'rs, ye favour'd nine,
There dwell the Graces, there the Virtues shine;
The Muses here triumphantly preside,
There Arts and Science meet their Royal Guide.
Each to their sex the tuneful lyre string,
While Nature's choristers their praises sing;
When at the dawn the lark attunes her lay,
And upwards soars majestically gay;
Urg'd by majestic scenes she swells her throat,
Flutters her wings, and trebles ev'ry note:
Efforts exerted by such honours shar'd,
Conveys to Heav'n her choicest songs prepar'd.
Thou envy'd of each other corporate town,
Nature and Art acknowledge thee their own;
Thy varied beauties meet each anxious eye,
And Plenty does thy every want supply;

Bounteous

Bounteous extends for all thy general use,
 And gives thee honours regal and profuse.
 Thy pompous palace proudly made thee rise
 On whited earth, an emblem of the skies;
 While towers and turrets vaunting in the air,
 Shield thy magnificence with amplest care.
 Thrice happy spot! which by magnetic sway,
 Preponders with the beauties of the day;
 Thy soaring terrace like a comet shines,
 Superior far to all the British lines:
 No thund'ring cannon shall their force direct,
 The hearts of Britons shall this place protect;
 They (if for need) shall distant do their harm;
 The gods shall here attend with fost'ring charm.
 Here Valour's sons and vestal virgins meet;
 Here Honour sways and Splendor takes her seat:
 Perspective gay extended all around,
 Dazzle the eye and mark the fertile ground.
 Thy Forrest succours, and thy park sustains,
 The various products of each county's plains.
 Thy stately oaks as monuments appear,
 Emblems of British strength, their heads they rear.
 Emblems of British strength, with British blood,
 They stem the torrent and defy the flood;
 Their spreading arms the weary traveller shade,
 The sun scarce penetrates the pervious glade;
 To them for succour flies the timid hind,
 Chas'd by the sportsman, skims as fleet as wind.
 See silver streams and purling riv'lets lend
 Their wat'ry aid, and all their succours send.
 Thames here his use and beauty both' proclaims,
 And every spring supports his boasted claims:

He

He ebbs, he flows, assumes a sov'reign right,
 Spreads his profusion to the ravish'd sight;
 Like Nile, he pours his riches o'er the land,
 And helps the verdure on the extended strand:
 Yet still a greater master he must own,
 Proud Neptune's Trident guides from Zone to Zone;
 He his extent in splendid horror sounds,
 A power superior marks his widest bounds.
 What counties aid thy prospects to improve,
 The eye attentive must extensive rove:
 Urg'd by the beauty of this splendid scene,
 Where Nature smiles around and smiles serene,
 My pen poetic I will gladly wield,
 And search the uses of this varied field.
 Interior beauties thro' each art betray,
 Historic deeds of a more ancient day:
 From Edward's taste this stately mansion sprung,
 Of whose fam'd actions bards poetic sung;
 He scan'd the spot, while Genius rais'd it's head,
 And hail'd the splendid arts the ground to tread.
 The fabric rais'd, the wondering world survey,
 The beauties which this soaring spot convey;
 Rivers and woods extend the varied scene,
 And canvas records beam their rays between;
 Wrench'd from Oblivion's blasting hand, still shines
 True valiant heroes in the battling lines.
 See Britain's Henry in true splendor sail,
 With gilded canvas lure the wafting gale;
 When, on the Gallic shore, he Francis meets,
 On terms of amity the king he greets;
 Saluting kings the gazing world admir'd,
 And in each breast an arduous glow inspir'd.

From

From age to age, as did succession rise,
 Addition grac'd this now acquired prize;
 Extended fancy, as the eye it caught,
 Invigor'd Genius, and new beauties sought.
 Fierce Henry's roving mind at times it fix'd;
 When with ambition softer scenes it mix'd.
 Eliza, still to aggrandize the scene,
 Enlarg'd the fabric, and fresh grac'd it's mien.
 Charles too, his am'rous fancy there display'd,
 In beauteous faces with true taste array'd.
 Anna alike her tribute did not spare,
 Science and Art did her glad bounty share.
 Long dormant then in mournful sorrow lay,
 This shining gem of monumental clay,
 Till George and Charlotte, with genial taste were
 fir'd,
 The spot survey'd, and every art inspir'd;
 By them it is Antiquity is grac'd;
 By them it is embellishment is plac'd.
 To sov'reign records Art is not confin'd,
 Heroes, tho' subjects, are alike consign'd.
 To that glad hand that future times shall tell,
 How such have shone, and how whole empires fell,
 Tradition blazes on perspective ground,
 And on these walls shall courage e'er be found.
 See Sweden's Charles, upon his ramping steed,
 And Ruffia's Peter, who wise laws decreed;
 Their martial'd nerves were with true valour strung,
 And on their deeds were future movements hung.
 Though wood and canvas have their patrons grac'd,
 The female arts are with due reference plac'd:

See Wright *, in shades of various hues expands
 Fair Flora's seasons as on parterr'd lands ;
 Each lunar month succeeding bloom bespreads,
 In colours varied as from earthy beds :
 Impartial honours here each sex derive,
 That Arts and Science may impartial thrive.
 Mount now aloft and take thy glad survey,
 Scan well each spot, the impulse sweet obey.
 Hence London shines with true commercial grace,
 Riches displays throughout the splendid space ;
 Her Senators surround her voted shrine,
 Their aid she claims with justice due to shine.
 Next Suffex, who her woodlands proudly boasts,
 Whose timber shields from harm our fertile coasts ;
 Her nodding woods and springing copses shew,
 At once how pleasing is the transient view.
 Hertfordshire next, whose fertile fields expose,
 How Ceres does her needful aid disclose ;
 With golden sheaves, by Plenty's horn extends
 Her produce, where in want with pleasure sends :
 While Bucks, in nearer view, her scenes expand,
 With various specimens bestrews the land ;
 Her fruits for pleasure, and her corn for use,
 Alike declare her beauteous and profuse.
 Berks too, her tribute to my present theme
 Must render willing, tho' in gay extreme ;
 Her boasted splendor must not shield from care,
 Her honour'd subjects must partake their share.

'Tis

* Alluding to the state bed and canopy worked by Mrs.
 Wright's instructions, under the gracious patronage of her Ma-
 jesty, for the peculiar advantage of training up and providing
 for the daughters of the inferior Clergy.

'Tis Oxon's city, Learning's boasted seat,
 Exalted shines, her languages repeat ;
 Her classic aid to grandeur adds sublime,
 Gives to her votaries of each age and clime,
 Who search her riches or her source require,
 To quote antique or raise poetic fire :
 Her orators rever'd confirm it's course,
 Embellish genius, guild it's native force :
 Her well known rivers and her Blenheim shine,
 Propitious county, splendor shall be thine.
 Wilts to the poor her gen'rous succour lends,
 Her cloathing yields to all most gracious ends ;
 Displays munificent her bounteous worth,
 And marks, with labour, her well textur'd cloth.
 Hampshire her wisdom's emblem seeks with care,
 Her salts preserve from every nauseous air ;
 What so luxuriant all her forests give,
 Extend to those who on the ocean live :
 Timber her forests bounteously supply,
 Her air salubrious and her county dry.
 Surry, whose soils variety assume,
 With other counties may in part presume ;
 But while her barren heath such gloom maintains,
 The pleasure's veil'd of her more fruitful plains ;
 Yet still her copious share of mansions gay,
 Add a great lustre to the dreary way :
 In food of richest taste her plains abound,
 And springs medicinal are sometimes found.
 Next Suffolk, distant, takes my wand'ring eye,
 Whose fertile coast affords a due supply ;
 Her fish abounds, her ships a market find,
 Her turf attracts, where pleasure fills the mind.

Nature's

Nature's profusion Kent alone assumes,
 Free she exhibits all her gay perfumes;
 Nor hops, nor orchards, but assist the scene,
 And Ocean pours his ample stores between.
 Bedford's internal ground I next survey,
 Whose sands demand Exertion's keenest sway;
 Of lace and straw-work, and of larks the boast,
 Small rivers owns, and distant from the coast.
 Cease then to wander, and with wonder own,
 The varied scenes which Fancy's eye has known:
 Hasten then, my Muse, to Windsor take thy flight,
 And quit those scenes which lately charm'd my sight;
 In tones extatic I'll my verses raise,
 Majestic virtues claim my warmest praise.
 O! Royal Siré! whose love thy people warms! }
 Whose boast is virtue, and whose love of arms }
 Thy sea-girt coast defends from hostile harms; }
 Thy anxious wishes with a race are blest,
 Pure as the virtues of thy Royal breast;
 Grace marks their steps, and glory sways their mind,
 Of manners sweet, benevolently kind.
 Long may the joys which thus resulting flow,
 Be George and Charlotte's fate, may they ne'er know
 A pang, but in declining age serene,
 Taste in Reflection's sweets the long past scene.
 May all these planets bright around thee shine,
 Extend their virtues as the spreading vine.
 Thy pow'r, Hygeia, o'er this happy pair,
 Perpetual shower, and make them all thy care.

HISTORIC ODE

FOR

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1786.

WHEN first Britannia from the waves arose,
 Her pious sons their peaceful shades had chose;
 Stupendous altars did their zeal proclaim,
 And worship pure declar'd their wonted aim.
 Not long unenvied their prolific shore,
 Could yield them plenty from her wonted store;
 Till nations, whom by courage were inspir'd,
 Her coasts demanded, and her soil admir'd,
 Brutus, of whom historic lines recite,
 First the strange victims * view'd in harmless white;
 Nor arms, nor Trident, to defend from ill,
 Untaught in conquest, their pure blood they spill.

Long without order ages did succeed,
 Man but as man alike each other fear'd,
 But valour shew'd its pow'r with awful speed,
 When pompous Cæsar martial columns rear'd,
 The humble mansions of the natives seize,
 Darts peirce the air, their direful force display,
 And send terrific death in every breeze,
 While pow'r despotic gleam'd it's awful ray.
When

* Alluding to the Druids.

When Roman laws their force no longer found,
 Pi&ts their ambition fix'd on British ground ;
 Danes, Saxons, each with anxious eye behold,
 The rising progress of each age foretold ;
 Till Norman courage rose from stage to stage,
 And laws declar'd that stem'd each tyrant's rage ;
 Each claimant did alternately submit ;
 No efforts could the power to kings remit ;
 One only king new regal laws unfold,
 One king alone to sway the sceptre gold.
 " Thus did the Genius of Great Britain's Isle,
 " Rise into arts and commerce sweetly smile ;
 " Eccentric scenes expand to public view,
 " To all the world their gracious progress shew ;
 " Arts, Genius, Science, each in splendor shine,
 " And George presides to keep them, Britons, thine.

Auspicious morn which to our King gave birth,
 Blend every joy and each gay scene adorn,
 Thy ambient odours rise aloft from earth,
 Spread wide thy friendly sweets without a
 thorn.

Sweet smiling Peace, with all thy graceful train,
 Thy aid serene around his throne extend,
 Protect his virtue, and his cause maintain,
 Propitious Heav'n to him each blessing send.

Thy olive, George, with laurels glad entwine,
 The social virtues hail and long be thine ;
 " May long thy valiant subjects bless the day,
 " Which glad proclaim'd a King of British sway."

Cheerful

Cheerful around shall natal themes be sung,
 And music with harmonious notes be strung;
 With pleasure wreath'd, each brow shall each survey,
 Each joyful call with gladsome steps obey:
 Great Triumph reign, nor Envy more direct,
 For Britain's ardour shall her King protect;
 Insulting foes their vengeful arms shall dread,
 And yield their glories where their conquests spread.
 " Long, long may'st thou the nuptial union share,
 " While pleasing scenes successive blifs prepare."
 Then shall the blessings thus diffus'd below,
 With beams effulgent in full glory glow.
 Hail! Britons, hail! still Freedom is your own;
 Great George is yours—Great to the world is known.

CONGRA-

CONGRATULATORY ODE

TO

HIS MAJESTY,

*On his happy Escape from the Attempt made upon his
sacred Life by Margaret Nicholson, 2d Aug. 1786.*

HAIL in glad strains thou Muse divine!

Great Pow'r supreme! whose guardian care
Can stem the tyrant's dread design,

And kings from death impending spare.

On thy anointed chosen race,

Can't blifs to ages long extend;

Can't Sov'reigns with thy bounty grace,

And aid in needful time can't send.

Thanks in sublimest verse proclaim,

Declare aloud his lofty fame,

Whose able arm at once sustain'd,

And thy just cause alone maintain'd.

Regions around from pole to pole,

Who joyful own a Sovereign's right,

Who own a God that rules the whole,

And yields to his superior might;

“ Mark

" Mark how resounding through the air,
" The Dæmon errand loudly spread;
" How the fell monster, dire Despair,
" With horrid strides did hasting tread;
" Till Joy, exulting Joy bespoke,
" Expanding wide it's gladsome ray,
" To all who fear'd the fatal stroke,
" That dar'd o'erturn our Sov'reign's sway."

Parnassian sisters, friendly train,
Triumphant themes resume again,
Unite with thanks your notes to fame,
In raptures sing Great George's name.

O thou kind Genii of the just,
Announce where thou again can't find,
Within the circle of thy trust,
A King of philanthropic mind;
Who in such moments sad shall deign,
In terms pathetic to declare,
" Disease has seiz'd the woman's brain,
" No harm for her who struck prepare."

Souls of gen'rous texture sing,
The pleasing joy which Virtues bring;
Sensations of the noblest kind,
In sympathetic acts you'll find.

Britons o'er all such splendor own,
Such shining gems alone can boast,
Feelings so rare to others known,
Resplendent shine on Albion's coast.

" May hovering Angels round thy throne,
" Thy future steps with care attend;
" May peaceful plives wreath thy crown,
" Nor nations more thy pow'r contend.

Minstrels of the Heavenly choit,
Kindle your celestial fire,
Tune the harp with joyful sound,
With echo let the air rebound.

IN CONTINUATION.

On HIS MAJESTY'S *second Escape* in 1795.

STILL Heav'n with guardian care his throne de-
fends,

And bounteous gifts to him around extends;
Defies each traitor, whose malignant wiles
Attack his person, and their wish beguiles;
Howe'er by foes, who err in Reason's cause,
He may be envied, still shall British laws
Support their King, and still his person hold
More sacred than the richest mines of gold;
True Britons will in valour gladly shine,
To prove they guard him thro' a hand divine.

MARGARET NICHOLSON'S

*Infamous Attempt upon the Life of his Majesty,
on the 2d of August, 1786.*

SCORN of thy sex! thou Regicide at heart!
Who dar'd presumptuous at thy Sov'reign dart!
Thy direful vengeance fail'd thy torrid zeal,
And stem'd the rigour of thy fatal weal.
Monster of woe! keep thy terrific stroke
For those who treason own and leagues have broke;
Nor on the anointed bosom of thy King,
Dare thy insidious arm around to fling;
Did his inspired dignity thy wrath enrage,
His philanthropy should thy mind assuage;
Wert thou of hellish as of human frame,
E'en Dæmons would despise thy horrid name!

A HUNTING

A HUNTING SONG.

HARK! the hounds in career,
 They enliven the morn,
 While the sound of the horn,
 Bids defiance to danger and fear.

CHORUS—*Then up my brave boys to the chace,
 We'll follow the sound,*

*Of the fox and the hound,
 While all cares to pleasure give place,*

Then as Sportsmen unite,
 See the Fox in the fields,
 Pursue till he yields,
 Nor cowardly let him take flight.

Then up my brave boys to the chace, &c,

When the sport is all o'er,
 Our glad evening we'll end,
 With a bottle and friend,
 To banish crude thoughts from our door.

Then up my brave boys to the chace, &c.

Sly Reynard now buried,
 To dust is consign'd,
 His brush left behind,
 With the dirge of the horn is now carried,

*Then up my brave boys to the chace,
 We'll follow the sound,*

*Of the fox and the hound,
 While all cares to pleasure give place.*

PRINCE OF WALES'S BIRTH-DAY, 1786.

FAME now with ardour thy fresh laurels bring!
 And feats of heroes loud with transport sing;
 Of those of old, who actions great have wrought,
 Who from example all their lessons sought;
 Of those who Valour's sons have been proclaim'd,
 And Glory's heights t'attain have solely aim'd;
 And while success their various actions crown'd,
 Their virtues shone with double lustre round.
 In Mem'ry's page recorded stands this truth,
 To animate with zeal th' aspiring youth;
 " On brazen tablets Time their names shall write,
 " Whose greatness shall with sympathy unite;
 " Courageous deeds shall there resplendent shine,
 " Where generous acts bespeak the soul divine."
 Let Britons hearts each common object scorn,
 And recollect alone this happy morn;
 Let Vict'ry's sonnets each Poetic lay
 Gladly announce our Prince's natal day;
 Let truth unsullied thro' each heart diffuse,
 The pleasing transports which proclaim'd the news;
 What joyful feel did every heart inspire,
 Re-echoing triumphs set the soul on fire,
 When first aloud each grateful voice declar'd,
 The Brunswic line an Heir Apparent shar'd;
 Here did each Muse her favour'd theme rehearse,
 Extatic raptures breath'd in every verse.

His

His infant voice each British heart had won,
Who own'd Britannia's child, and lov'd Great
George's son.

Each year his tow'ring genius proudly shone,
Ere his great soul could to the world be known;
From stage to stage his young ideas sprung,
While nought but praises to his ears were sung;
And rising hope each loyal breast array'd,
Who saw his acts benevolent display'd.
Since then the curtain of his infant scene
Withdrawn, declares his innate noble mien;
Full blown his honour'd soul in splendid seat,
Now beams with radiance in a calm retreat.
Britons awake! your noblest feelings rouse,
Reason will bid you his just cause espouse:
Reason the clue to Honour's sacred theme,
Which flushes Virtue thro' it's native stream.
Britons stand forth, let this great work be done,
Let not your rising be your setting sun.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS's MARRIAGE,

JANUARY 1795.

HYMEN arise! thine altar glad adorn,
 And usher in with joy the happy morn;
 Glad tidings sing, sweet sisters aid the lay,
 And all thy festive notes at large display.
 Ye well-tun'd harps, your nuptial praises sing,
 Address with joy Britannia's Queen and King!
 With smiles the Graces lead the happy pair,
 And with sweet echo rend the cheerful air.
 Welcome! thrice welcome! is the bridal sound,
 Welcome the fair, now safe on British ground;
 With blushes sweet she mounts the votive shrine,
 The sacred rites give George a Caroline.
 Auspicious pair! may ye the kingdom bless;
 May your glad union augur wish'd success.
 May prosp'rous Genii your glad arms entwine,
 And glowing prospects o'er your virtues shine.

ON THE BIRTH
OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S DAUGHTER,

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, Jan. 1796.

YE Bards of innocence and smiling care,
Whom happy moments own,
Who infant charms to parents share,
And joyful moments crown.

Join in the pleasing theme to sing,
That a third Charlotte's born;
That Conquest * did her tribute bring,
To welcome in the morn.

Thus did the Fates the morning bless †,
That did her Sire proclaim;
The laurel did each hero dress,
And hail'd a George's name.

Propitious Heav'n still owns the cause,
And will that cause maintain;
With courteous care protects the laws,
That Britons shall sustain.

Sweet

* Alluding to advice of the taking of the island of Ceylon arriving the day of the Princess's birth.

† Advice of the taking of the Spanish register ship, the Hermione, arrived the day of the Prince of Wales's birth.

Sweet maid may'st thou in virtue shine,
 In sacred rites adorn the Brunswic line;
 An emblem prove of true successive worth,
 To shew from whom thou did'st derive thy birth.
 May hov'ring Graces o'er thy steps preside,
 Who may thy future blifs at large betide;
 They shall thy shield in every action prove,
 And gently guide thee to the realms of love;
 Domestic joys shall still the scene renew,
 And o'er the path of life their blessings strew.

A MATRIMONIAL GLEE.

HOW pleasing's a friend,
 Our joys to attend,
 To cast away trouble and sorrow;
 While as husband and wife,
 We live free from all strife,
 And are not afraid of the morrow.

Our passions confine,
 Though a glass of good wine,
 Is the cordial we like to enjoy;
 Yet extremes we declare,
 We aim not to share,
 For then all true pleasures will cloy.

A PASTORAL SONG.

ONE morning in May, when the dew drops were
seen,

The maid who was mostly esteem'd on the green,
Had risen quite early her flocks to attend,
Her name was sweet Nancy, the Miller's kind friend.

She was handsome and young you may truly suppose,
Fair as the sweet lilly, and red as the rose ;
She had wit at command, and the swains she could
please,

Tho', like her whole sex, she delighted to tease.

Young Thomas, her swain, that each maid would
have blest,

Love verses indited, and sung much the best,
Which charm'd all the nymphs in the circle around,
As like him in a mill none so blithe could be found.

The maidens were loth such a prize to forget,
They dress'd in their garlands while hope there was
yet :

But when Thomas his Nancy to church did attend,
His choice they perceiv'd was to keep her his friend.

THE

THE NYMPH OF THE BROOK.

A S O N G.

COMPOSED BY MR. MOLES.

AS near a brook bespangled lay,
 A beauteous Nymph reelin'd,
 Bright Phoebus gladden'd Nature's day,
 And pleasures seem'd combin'd.

In Solitude's endearing charm,
 She read the placid scene,
 And fought alone to Vice disarm,
 By Virtue's pleasing mien.

She look'd around, and lo to view,
 The lovely maid appear'd,
 The Muses in her train pursue,
 And all the vale was cheer'd.

They sung while echo sweet conspir'd,
 In melody to join;
 The rill, the vale, alike inspir'd,
 With every charm combine.

Thus, O ye Fair! the Graces seek,
 Your call they will attend,
 They'll make you lovely, charming, meek,
 And all your steps defend.

THE

THE CAUTION,

A S O N G.

YE mortals boast the charms you're told,
 Would you their tenure firmly hold,
 Dame Nature's steps pursue;
 Her symmetry all art excels,
 A lesson gives to beaux and belles,
 And holds them up to view.

No trace of pencil, tint of paint,
 Can angels make, or eke a saint,
 Bold are the words tho' true;
 But Prudence, with her virtuous train,
 Gives lessons simple, neat and plain,
 Tho' relish'd but by few.

Look in the mirror, there you'll see,
 What you all wish, what all should be,
 Keep but your morals pure;
 Eager solicit Virtue's aid,
 The joys with which you'll be repaid,
 Will happiness insure.

SUSAN'S

S U S A N ' s D R E A M ,

A S O N G .

AS Susan in a grove retir'd,
 To calm her soul to rest,
 The scenes around repose inspir'd,
 Insur'd the welcome guest.
 Soft slumbers lull'd her anxious mind,
 She bid adieu to care,
 And Morpheus all his powers join'd,
 To banish every fear,
 She dream'd of heaps of shining gold,
 Which held out luring gain;
 But found that gold no bliss foretold,
 But was the source of pain.
 Love's power her passions next engag'd,
 To each her eyes she turn'd,
 For goodness, truth, her wishes rag'd,
 For noble acts she burn'd,
 Her slumbers taught her lessons pure,
 How when awake to please,
 She dream'd she wish'd but to insure,
 By Virtue certain ease,

SON ON THE HARVEST.

A R U S T I C P O E M.

AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

NOW the sun with his rays gilds all Nature around,
 And the full teeming furrows with plenty abound;
 The fields all bespangl'd and Nature profuse,
 Bends with heads of rich corn for ev'ry man's use;
 The poor and the wealthy, alike in degree,
 Share the bounty of God, and receive it with glee.
 From riches, 'tis said, man diseases derives,
 But from manners, when simple, securely he lives.
 While Ceres thus smiles on Britannia's fair land,
 Pomona her beauties displays to the hand;
 While health she promotes, she the palate supplies
 With whatever is grateful, nor ever denies.
 Her produce she yields, and most freely dispenses
 Her gifts to the poor, to enliven the senses;
 For while to the scythe and the sickle they yield,
 Their minds are keen edg'd for the works of the field,
 Old England's good fare they still keep in view,
 Beef, pudding, they relish, and ale of brown hue,
 The sheaves and the shocks they bind carefully
 round,
 While labour and pleasure are mutually crown'd.
 When the corn is all rick'd, or in barns well secure,
 A dance at the Home to all ills proves a cure;

The

The children well laden with gleanings appear,
 With a smile of content for the fruits of the year;
 If a pig can be fed, and a pudding be got,
 They chearfully live, and all cares are forgot;
 Stern Winter defy, for her chills cannot harm,
 While a meal is in store, and a fire that can warm.

THE HYDRA:

OR, FABLE OF FASHION.

[Written when the Gipsy Hats first appeared.]

WERE all the Passions in confusion hurl'd;
 Should genuine Virtue cease to guide the world;
 Was each in Candour's balance duly weigh'd,
 How would each fare, if to the light convey'd?
 Description's pow'r I want, with ample scope;
 To paint each failing baffles all my hope.
 If Vice steps forth with all it's motley crew,
 Virtue must then shrink back with modest hue;
 Withdraw she must such monsters to avoid,
 As flow impetuous down in Fashion's tide.
 All motley errors which each day appear,
 I scarce know how to catch, front, van, or rear;
 Such various tints the copious theme requires,
 The aid extensive of Parnasian fires.

In

In Hydra's head, no Poet yet could trace
 Such varied forms as mark each puny face;
 Which, veil'd in gauze, expects alike to hide
 Nature's defects, in hopes to be a bride.
 If the spruce Beau uprears above the chin,
 The feather speaks the emptiness within.
 Such emblems sure must much delight the fair,
 Lest *they* should sink the Cork uplifts in air;
 That likewise, too a symbol I'll define,
 Which marks the vacancy at Wisdom's shrine.
 The mob of gauze betrays it's finny hue;
 Ye Belles it's standard is not fit for you;
 Some appellation of a milder name,
 Would more embellish and exalt your fame.
 Your fortunes now at small expence you meet,
 Since Dames like these you see in every street:
 If Gipsies who in Gipsy form appear,
 Their lines to trace who now can harbour fear?
 If such in real life would wish to shine,
 The aid of flake avoid, nor use carmine;
 Then might you view in each well-featur'd face,
 The charms of beauty, arm'd with native grace:
 And if with modest mien you'd fain appear,
 Blend not the sexes in the cloaths you wear.
 As grammar scarce at times can solve the gender,
 Each sex alike to each proves a pretender;
 Were eyebrows, hips, and hair to be produc'd,
 The Monster might each head for seven have us'd.
 Each Fashion doubl'd beyond Reason's plan,
 Suffice alike to satyrize the man;
 Who 'like in Fashion's car in æther soars,
 And all his projects vainly there explores.

His

His Artois buckle, hat with triple crown,
 Implies that depth of knowledge was his own;
 If stor'd with such contents, the whole within
 Proves all a vacuum, if not fill'd with sin.
 If with a wife the gods his hopes should bless,
 Their sex you'd doubt of from the motley dress;
 If then the sexes rise in mutual strife,
 It matters little which is man or wife.
 In Nature's mirror contrasts strange we view,
 Each day presenting something *monstrous* new.
 Learn then, ye sons of Nature, what you owe
 To Reason's call, nor giddy thoughts bestow
 On all the tricks of Fashion here below.

CONTINUATION to 1796.

STILL as years pass and climacterics rise,
 The wandering *Hydra*, with it's num'rous eyes,
 On Fancy's wing, still mounts it's varied steed,
 And motley figures generate the breed.
 If "cap-a-pié" we do each female view,
 We lose the *waist*, which did the figure shew;
 Absorb'd in error, Nature pleads in vain,
 Her symmetry no favour can obtain;
 The flowing robe admits no real shape,
 No buckram owns, but a mere tight'ning tape:
 All "degagée," the fair in freedom trip,
 They've banish'd long the cork, and eke the hip:

K

Long

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 Such varied forms as mark each puny face;
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 No buckram owns, but a mere tight'ning tape:
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 They've banish'd long the cork, and eke the hip:

K

Long

Long as good nurses did each maid appear,
 Till contrast banish'd every chilling fear;
 The snowy bosom now no veil requires,
 Rude Boreas dares alike as Sol's keen fires;
 No *solitaire* extensive yet is seen,
 That can, alas, conceal it's lovely mien;
 Unless the Spencer's friendly aid is found,
 Sufficient to inclose within it's bound,
 That beauty which from man's too piercing eye,
 Should etch the fancy and false love defy;
 The *Venus** that withdraws from public view,
 Claims most attention by her distant hue.
 Thus, O ye fair, believe this certain truth,
 That dress becoming will embellish youth;
 Will, by concealment, keep alive desire,
 And will, in limits, feed Love's purest fire;
 No false deluder does this tale rehearse,
 Experience only shews perspective verse;
 Nature is blameless in the general cause,
 And shudders at perversion of her laws.
 Then while in time, ye Fair, her wish reclaim,
 And bring to light what long has been her fame;
 The beauteous form she's given no more defy,
 But bring the *waist* again to Reason's eye;
 And the perspective hold where Domo reigns,
 To loose the chin, which now in buckram deigns,
 Nature to baffle in her pristine chains. }
 Thro' life straight forward now each man must steer,
 The head above it's *stay* can scarce appear;
 While, as a lion stern, the owner moves,
 The *Moustache fierce* proclaims him as he roves.

Thus

* Alluding to the Venus of Medicis.

Thus do the sexes still the *Hydra* meet,
 Defiance bid to each in every street;
 Reason absorb in Fashion's ruthless mass,
 And blend the dresses of each varied class.

R E F L E C T I O N

PITY it is, ye Fair, by Nature blest,
 That Fashion should be thus your ruling crest;
 The Virtues in your breast much more will warm,
 And Prudence lend to all the rest a charm.
 And you, ye Beaux, as patrons to the Fair,
 Wou'd better look with Moderation's air;
 Each to the other might a salvo prove,
 And yield alternate to the charms of love.
 As sure such mock disguise distinctions bar;
 For tho' Discretion is the ruling star,
 Yet veil'd alike to veil in vain attire,
 Prevents the efforts of a pure desire.
 Be then advis'd in Medium's line to steer,
 'Twill aid the male, in female sweet appear.

THE CAUTIOUS SHEPHERD.

AN IRREGULAR PASTORAL TALE.

NEAR to a brook by rocks enclos'd,
 And hover'd o'er with trees,
 A hapless Swain in cot repos'd,
 And own'd the fragrant breeze.

The neighb'ring lawn his flocks maintain'd,
 He own'd his fleecy care,
 The tender blade his lambs sustain'd,
 The ewes partook their share.

Thus blest by Nature's bounteous hand,
 This scene of bliss he view'd,
 Fed by the fruits upon his land,
 No golden wealth pursu'd.

If storms tempestuous round him flew,
 No calm repose gave way;
 All still within, no terrors knew,
 Nor did dread fears betray.

The Seasons in their progress roll'd,
 From spring to summer hied;
 The Curfew bell at evening toll'd,
 The larks the morning plied.

The

The cuckoo sung her summer song,
 While Strephon liv'd at ease,
 Till autumn scenes the fields among,
 Warn'd him of winter's breeze.

Like ant and bee, his needful store,
 In cautious heaps he lay;
 E'en Boreas's blasts could them explore,
 Or his glad wealth betray.

Twice seven long years his store increas'd,
 And well-turn'd mind improv'd,
 No torturing cares his mind depress'd,
 Nor vagrant passions rov'd;

Till solitude, no longer crown'd
 His silent hours with blifs,
 He prow'd the meadows daily round,
 But found all things amifs.

His yearning bosom something sought,
 To renovate the scene;
 He dress'd his meals, and music bought,
 But still no thought serene.

His harmless mind untutor'd still,
 In Love's too slippery wiles,
 He fought a time the unruly will,
 By walking distant miles.

Dishevell'd hair and folded arms,
 His anxious mind betray,
 When chance disclos'd a fair one's charms,
 Who on a haycock lay.

Her

Her snowy bosom, auburn hair,
 And lovely waist combin'd,
 Her rosy cheeks, and skin so fair,
 This gloomy Swain reviv'd.

Rous'd from the slumber time had fix'd
 Upon his pensive brow,
 The Swain approach'd and converse mix'd,
 He felt he knew not how,

The Fair, whose name was Lydia sweet,
 This love-struck youth survey'd,
 Their blending looks each other met,
 And dictates strong obey'd.

The youth aghast, with panic fears,
 The Fair at last address'd,
 Scarce taught from nature, trickling tears
 His innocence express'd.

Ah! lucky loon, sweet maid, he cried,
 And clasp'd her to his breast;
 Long, lovely maid, lone hours I tried,
 Nor ever love carest;

My fleecy charge was all my care,
 No Cupid me assail'd,
 Till thou, sweet Maid, did spread a snare,
 And love, sweet love, prevail'd.

My flocks and herds much ground bespread,
 I've ricks of corn in store;
 A homestall neat, and downy bed,
 What can I offer more.

All

All those, the cullings of my youth,
 I long in hoard retain'd,
 No harm I knew, but simple truth
 My watchful hours sustain'd.

Yet still a something more I crav'd,
 Within this rich abode,
 That something still in want I rav'd,
 Nor could I find the road.

'Twas blifs I fought, wealth did not own,
 I long'd to change the task,
 No partner kind with love to crown,
 No friend's advice to ask.

Till round I search'd the distant way,
 And each recess I view'd,
 When thou, my charmer, did'st display,
 Whate'er my fancy strew'd.

Thy native charms in sweet attire,
 Of artless manners drest,
 Have clad my soul with love's desire,
 And every wish exprest.

The Swain yclep'd with sure success,
 No doubts were in his thoughts;
 With diffidence this Fair address,
 As thought but blifs he fought.

But how his fears were now alarm'd,
 When his kind tale he'd told,
 To find the Fair, who him had charm'd,
 Was tied to Hodge the bold.

Her

Her wanton wish abroad she sent,
 Nor did to good incline;
 As onward to her home she bent,
 She said I am not thine.

Long time to Hodge of yonder cot,
 I have been wife indeed;
 Long that stern clown has been my lot,
 I ne'er from him was freed.

O! cruel fate! that I am tied,
 To such a ruthless loon;
 That I could be your welcome bride,
 And take you for my own.

The Swain, who but by virtue warm'd,
 To ill could not incline,
 Howe'er by beauty he was charm'd,
 No harm was in his mind.

Pure love, pure love, was what he sought,
 His heart was well inclin'd,
 Sweet Girl, said he, no ill has fraught
 My truly harmless mind.

No ill it's hallowed ground has trod,
 'Tis still a mansion pure,
 Vice there retains no sure abode,
 No feat she can ensure.

Farewel! he bid fair Nymph adieu,
 The flow'ry path I'll range,
 Till some chaste Virgin I can view,
 That to false love is strange.

A parting

A parting look on each they cast,
 Nor more did each behold;
 The scene now clos'd, must be the last,
 Nor could abroad be told.

Home to his cot, desponding went,
 This once known happy Swain;
 He wept and sigh'd, found no content,
 He wept and sigh'd again.

Love's passion in his breast had sprung,
 And tho' he miss'd his aim,
 He tun'd his reed, love themes he sung,
 And did his wish proclaim.

The Maidens round, who heard his moan,
 In pity sought his praise;
 Some beauty had, and others none,
 In wit, their songs to raise.

One too had gold and gay attire,
 A person sweet to bless;
 Her sparkling eyes betray'd love's fire,
 She'd virtue and address.

She thought no chance against her lay,
 She surely thought to speed;
 But Cupid did not lead the way,
 Her wealth he did not heed.

Allurements gay on surface shine,
 And beauty will decay;
 This Swain did innocence define,
 To deck the bridal-day.

Each Nymph at large he did survey,
 Their mental book he read;
 A wishful look did one convey,
 Who thought his ground to tread.

In simple habit, meekly mild,
 With crook she trod the mead;
 At times she spun, at times she smil'd,
 And did love stories read.

The Swain who had been early taught,
 In distant ages how,
 Pure love adorn'd the Maiden's thought,
 Who sprung the arrow'd bow.

" Had lessons from such knowledge found,
 " As bid him well beware,
 " How he on love's precarious ground,
 " Should seek his portion'd share."

No courtly tales their minds impress,
 Nor splendid their attire,
 The fields their dally tables dress,
 And fed their pure desire.

The shady woods their arbours form'd,
 The woodbines sweet perfum'd,
 The carpet with sweet flowers adorn'd,
 No golden wealth consum'd.

The retrospective scene he scan'd,
 His earnest wish express,
 That the kind Fates for him had plan'd,
 The road to make him blest.

No

No gawdy shew attracts his eye;
 His manners were so mild,
 No courtly Lord with him could vie,
 He was pure Nature's child.

As such, a mate of harmless mind,
 He sought to crown the scene;
 He long look'd round, but scarce could find,
 One of that happy mien.

Succeeding days he walk'd the vale,
 The villages among;
 He soar'd the hill, and trod the dale,
 And trip'd the plain along.

Each cot he view'd, some scenes display'd,
 That etch'd his arduous mind,
 His pathos'd thoughts his wish betray'd,
 If he a Nymph could find.

Long time his anxious feelings shew'd,
 His love-sick mind was torn;
 The maids around he daily view'd,
 But still was quite forlorn.

The powers above he did invoke,
 Whom innocence protect,
 That they with him some maid would yoke,
 That might pure love reflect.

Grant me, said he, such bliss to share,
 As may my hours employ;
 Give me, said he, a wife to share,
 Such bliss as cannot cloy.

Morning

Morning and eve in humble suit,
 In prostrate moan he lay,
 Doubtful remain'd in love's pursuit,
 And diffident to stray.

Aw'd by the specimen he met,
 In the first scene he fought,
 He felt, alas! some deep regret,
 And trembl'd at the thought.

Still he in lamentation felt,
 That time was flying fast;
 Reflection in his bosom dwelt,
 And told the hours past.

He daily did the tale unfold,
 That youth would soon pass o'er,
 What maid, said he, when I am old,
 Will love with me explore.

Thus mus'd, the man whose native sense,
 Had taught him how to woo;
 Nor errors past his mind could press,
 He quoted lessons true.

Full fraught his resolution sprung,
 On Love's glad wing he flew;
 His arms across he careless flung,
 And sought the happy clue.

The filken thread at last he found,
 Which to Love's regions led;
 The fanning Zephyrs waft him round,
 The happy spot to tread.

Truth

Truth deck'd his mien as on he sped,
 And his pure mind did dress;
 No snakes of envy he could dread,
 Nor did his soul distress,

Musing upon the arduous task,
 On which his mind was fix'd,
 He spied a grot by nature mask'd,
 With oaken boundaries mix'd.

Quick to the verge on which it stood,
 He did each step ascend,
 Urg'd by pursuit not long he could
 His farther views extend.

Like a Diana sudden sprung,
 Out from the sacred grove,
 The emblem of the themes he'd sung,
 All that he'd form'd of Love.

In modest hue, her simple charms,
 Array'd in humble mien,
 Rous'd in his mind no false alarms,
 Her features were serene,

No motley errors e'er their seat,
 In her pure mind had plac'd;
 With innocence she shone replete,
 With manners mild was grac'd.

With cautious steps the Swain approach'd
 This truly hallow'd door,
 Where with no evils were reproach'd,
 This humble group, tho' poor.

Poor

Poor but in gold, this spot could boast,
What was a greater store ;
No Sov'reign on rich Asia's coast,
Could richer mines explore.

Here parents were with children blest,
Whose filial duties shone ;
They were by pure industry drest,
In friendship pure were known.

Led on by Hope, the Swain drew near,
And thus the whole address :
Distress, good friends, has brought me here,
Your aid in want I press,

Wand'ring around the dreary grove,
Where every foot was strange,
I miss'd my way and long did rove,
Long many an hour did range,

Long did I seek a kindred roof,
That might a stranger bless ;
The watchful night was my reproof,
I felt the dire distress,

Hunger, that bitterness of woe,
My vital frame assail'd ;
Nor could I guess what road to go,
Where Charity prevail'd.

Till I this moss-grown roof espied,
Which struck my wounded breast,
My heart dictated, and I tried
My wearied limbs to rest.

The

The tale I heard of wond'rous deeds,
 Of Friendship's sourceful spring,
 Led me to seek with anxious speed,
 The spot such blessings bring.

Thus of your mite a share I crave,
 To cheer my rueful brow,
 A friendly morsel let me have,
 To ease the wants I know.

The tale thus told their feelings shook,
 The table white was spread,
 One left the wheel, one shut the book,
 And serv'd the meat and bread.

The Maid that first his eyes had caught,
 A look congenial cast,
 She found his tale with love was fraught,
 Howe'er he stood aghast.

Nimble she tender'd to his wants,
 Whate'er his looks bespoke,
 She heaves a sigh, she sighs and pants,
 Ere he the ice had broke.

Convinc'd that now the ground he'd trod,
 That would his wishes crown,
 He gave the maid a gracious nod,
 And set him gently down.

The cordial meal he thankful shar'd,
 And did his tale unfold,
 Assur'd no friendship there was spar'd,
 Nor charity was cold.

Kind

Kind parents who this Damsel bless,
Attend my artless tale ;
Her simple mien and artless dress,
Does o'er my mind prevail.

'Tis such a Maid in truth I seek,
To ease my worldly care,
Harmless in wiles, and truly meek,
I view this lovely Fair.

At your glad hands the boon I crave,
Of this your darling child ;
Both bleating flocks, and kine I have,
In climate sweetly mild.

I've ricks in store, and birds that sing,
Which skim the land along ;
I've fish abounding in the spring,
A numerous feather'd throng.

" No mendicant of hardy mien,
" Tho' at your feet I bow,
" 'Tis Susy's charms from you I'd glean,
" To her I'll pledge my vow."

Let yonder spire our hands secure,
In Hymen's lawful bands,
Then shall our hearts cemented sure,
Range round our peaceful lands.

The Sage, whose locks were whited o'er,
And furrow'd brow bespoke,
The years of labour he had bore,
Blest in the marriage yoke.

Joy'd

Joy'd at the sound true love proclaim'd,
 His blessing he prepar'd,
 The happy hour he gladly nam'd,
 In every wish he shar'd.

It's kindred flame the hymeneal torch,
 With innocence did grace;
 The beauteous bride, the sacred porch,
 In harmless steps did trace.

The cleric rites, the gordian knot,
 In solemn moment clos'd,
 Strephon within his silent cot,
 His lovely bride repos'd.

The blessing from the parent's hand,
 Which gave this fair one birth,
 Transfus'd around their happy land,
 And blest the ductile earth.

Merit alike they gladly shar'd,
 And did joint bliss conspire,
 The plenteous board by work prepar'd,
 Did every good inspire.

The smiling pledges of their love,
 Their mutual bliss confine,
 Their happy moments fleetly rove,
 And real joys combine.

This picture of connubial wealth,
 Let each glad pair survey;
 Then store of riches and of health,
 Shall every hour convey.

A REJOINDER

To Mrs. Jane Eliz. Moore's Repledum,

By T. W. M——A, Esq.

[Referred to page 27.]

I'VE read your reply, fraught with humour and
taste,

And now to join issue permit me to haste :

When first mother Earth was call'd up by a nod

From chaos, and shap'd by Jehovah, our God!

Who made man his own image, with reason endow'd,

And surveying the whole, proclaim'd all his works
good ;

Who form'd our rules and imparted the same

To a chosen few, from the rest did retain

Our secrets mysterious, who his word issu'd forth,

They should not be reveal'd but to men of true worth ;

That a man without principle, reason or thought,

To guide him to speak, or to act as he ought,

Should not be admitted our Lodge to disgrace,

It's harmony blast, or it's beauties deface ;

That the faults of the fair sex are taught them by man,

I deny, for their crimes with creation began.

Mother Eve, who was made to encrease human kind,

To soften and solace man's trouble of mind ;

Who tho' form'd his equal in reason and soul,

No mandate divine could her conduct controul ;

Till

Till banish'd from Eden, on herself and her race,
Brought the first curse on man, with th' Almighty's
disgrace :

Tho' as Masons we're ever attach'd to the fair,
Their sorrows still sooth, still assuage every care ;
Their weakness protect from the vulgar and-rude,
Their joys still increase, nay their every good ;
Yet our secrets and rites we can never impart
To the sex, for whose sin all mankind feel smart ;
Altho' we lament we the fair can't admit,
Convinc'd that *a few* possess merit and wit ;
That our secrets partaking, the brighter wou'd shine,
But we're bar'd by our rules, form'd by precepts
Divine.

ANSWER

You

ANSWER

TO THE ABOVE

REPLICATION,

BY JANE ELIZ. MOORE,

DUE thanks I acknowledge for your compliment
paid,

But my sex still demanding the best of my aid,
A champion, I see, I must again forward stand,
For the crude observations receiv'd at your hand,
That Eve was a sinner to the world is known,
A fault Adam shou'd have reprov'd with a frown;
But like her he'd a *god* for what was forbid,
For which they both paid when in banishment hid;
Yet for one sin Eve committed, arithmetic rules
Will prove, men are adepts in criminal schools,
When the work was found good and the whole was
survey'd,

You say that for *Masons* selection was made;
A chosen few might at the first be confin'd,
Yet enlarging the list there was evil combin'd;
The perspective, I fear, will exhibit a scene,
That will prove them familiar with sin in their mien;
If their merit they prize that a secret they keep,
And in mystery of science are known to dip deep;
Believe me in wine as in science, their skill
Proves too oft that o'er women they'd have their own
will.

“ You

" You say mother Eve to encrease human kind,
 " Was sent by her Maker in contract to bind,
 " To sooth and to soften the ills of mankind ;" }
 Yet as precept is weak, 'tis example should shew,
 What lessons of virtue our sex should pursue ;
 The reason is plain, give but women their way,
 And there's few who will not with pleasure obey ;
 Hostility does but the fuel encrease,
 Moderation it is that promotes lasting peace,
 The scene is now clos'd as the work is compleat,
 And I trust that in friendship we ever shall meet ;
 No evil is meant in this jocular flight,
 The protection we claim which you hold to our sight,
 For the present, my friend, I will wish you good night. }

" As theory alone a good Mason will make,
 " And the scale and the compass like the prong and
 " the rake,
 " May by strangers be handl'd, why not women
 " pursue,
 " T'have a Lodge of their own, with the tinsel and
 " shew ;
 " The fringe and the flounces, the jewels and toys,
 " The ladies may please, and add much to their joys,
 " Still of this be assur'd by themselves they will shine,
 " As you say union's bar'd by a " precept divine."

TO THE
SOCIETY
OF

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS AT LARGE,

[On their Intention of establishing a School for the Support of
the ORPHAN and deserted CHILDREN of their necessitous
Brethren.]

BY JANE ELIZ. MOORE.

OF all the virtues which adorn the mind,
And which denotes it's use to all mankind,
Is that which in the annals of your fame,
Has long recorded * a pure friendly name.
Long have the widow's penetrating sighs,
Been eas'd by rules prescrib'd both good and wise,
Yet still the Orphans piteous case requires,
The farther efforts of your known desires;
With hope forlorn, the dreary streets they tread,
And Heav'n implore for shelter o'er their head;
No moral lessons can their minds pervade,
While thus they rove thro' error's dark'ning shade;
That you, "glad friends," their plaintive wants
shou'd know,
They plead their cause with bitter "tears of woe;"
With you, "fraternal brethren," lies the task,
Which those poor innocents are doom'd to ask;

With

* Charity.

With humble suit, at Pity's shrine they bow,
 And trust in future they no wants may know.
 No vain ambition does their suit attend,
 'Tis to industry their minds to bend ;
 And, by " plain tracts," the road to reason find,
 That by persuasion wins the glowing mind ;
 That they thro' yours, and providential care,
 With Nature's brethren may partake their share ;
 As useful members thro' the world to steer,
 Each to their " tenets" in useful sphere ;
 " Then shall the blessings of the Power Supreme,
 " Protect each Member of this happy scheme."

N. B. It was requested that the above should be written in
 small *compass* and plain style.

ON THE
D I S C O V E R Y

The Gold Mine, in the County of Wicklow.

BY JANE ELIZ. MOORE.

SAY why so long in dark oblivion lay,
 This mystic metal, in it's native clay?
 Which millions long in distant climes have sought,
 And from it's torrid regions millions brought;
 The glitt'ring lore, thus grasp'd with ardent speed,
 Has harmless millions doom'd at times to bleed!
 And tho' by Poets oft has been despis'd,
 By them possess'd, it's pleasures have been priz'd;
 To Nature yielding in her state deprav'd,
 Perverted gifts, which they before had crav'd.
 Prolific bounties, Wicklow, long thy boast,
 May with this golden gleam upon thy coast,
 Vie with all Europe, Asia rich defy,
 And barb'rous Spanish maxims e'er descry.
 No harass'd victims to the torture brought,
 To fully true benevolence of thought;
 'Tis by true efforts of industry gain'd,
 That ne'er by ghastly av'rice was arraign'd!

Replete

Replete with hope, shall commerce swell her sail,
 And deep the plough in culture fresh prevail;
 The tatter'd peasant by such bounty clad,
 With joyful toil shall make his children glad!
 What happy prospects will in course combine,
 Where arts and science in a country thine;
 Those well united in a nation's cause,
 Shall yield protection to it's pristine laws:
 Thus if dispos'd on Reason's solid ground,
 Shall gold diffuse it's use to all around!
 By Virtue's clue in each department spread,
 Shall this pure * metal raise each drooping head,
 And deck Hibernia with a pleasing grace,
 That may allure to home † each native face;
 Where precept and example may entwine,
 To strew that blessing in kind Heav'n's design,
 In gifts transcendent of superior kind. }
 " Thus draw the line, preponderate success,
 " And this new blessing shall with blessings bless."

* Alluding to the metal being found in a pure state.

† Meant to recommend to the Landholders the spending the income of their estates upon the Spot.

ON THE ARRIVAL OF
EARL FITZWILLIAM,

As Viceroy of the Kingdom of Ireland.

4th JANUARY, 1795.

AWAKE, my Muse, and thy fresh laurels bring!
Hibernia hail thy new Viceregal King!
Whose glowing breast with bounteous zeal inspir'd,
Long, long has the Parnassian field aspir'd;
Long the melodious prize has gladly won,
Hail! then, ye sisters, your much welcome son;
Who long the lyre and tuneful harp has strung,
And choicest sounds of Heavenly music rung;
Sweet harp, now emblem true of regal power,
Shall wield the sceptre, and just blessings shower;
Propitious Heaven has dignified the choice,
The Guardian Angel joins Hibernia's voice;
Thankful she smiles, on Hope's glad wing is led,
While Arts and Science raise their drooping heads;
By Commerce own'd, the glad'ning clue shall trace,
Joy in each string and pleasure in each face;
On the proud basis Rockingham was found,
Shall rise his virtues on this sacred ground.
Hail! then, ye Choristers of modern fame!
Hail! all glad tidings in Fitzwilliam's name.

No false eulogium, or panegyric verse,
This lay has sullied, or false praise rehears'd;

'Tis

'Tis on Truth's solid ground alone she stands,
 Defiance bids to Envy's ghastly bands;
 Holds up the mirror of ennobl'd deeds,
 As flowerets sweet o'ercome the nauseous weeds.

A H I N T T O H I B E R N I A,

ON THE ARRIVAL OF

E A R L C A M D E N,

*To take upon him the Viceroyship of the Kingdom of
 Ireland, &c. &c.*

G I V E Virtue credit where it may be found,
 Equal on Camden's as Fitzwilliam's ground;
 From pole to pole, in ev'ry clime she springs,
 Impartial dwells with peasants as with kings.
 Then banish far your prejudices wide,
 Nor draw the veil of justice once aside;
 Yet let her still an equal poise maintain,
 Support her vot'ries and their cause sustain;
 Let motives sordid merit ne'er suppress,
 Let genuine candour native worth express.

**TO THE FAIR SEX,
ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND,**

[Written by an unknown Hand and given to the Author.]

IF, O ye Pow'rs Celestial! you decree,
That e'er a Husband is design'd for me,
Attend propitious to your Suppliant's voice,
Accept my prayers, and ratify my choice.
Give me the man whose mild and gentle sway,
Commands with love and pleasure to "obey;"
In whom good nature and good sense combine,
And all the manly virtues nobly shine;
With useful learning let his mind be grac'd,
Correct with reason, and refin'd by taste;
And whatsoe'er his fortune, may he be
By Prudence rul'd, yet blest with Charity;
And may Religion regulate his life,
With such a mate who would not be a wife.

T H E

THE AUTHOR'S ITEM

To the Gentleman in the Choice of a Wife,

MAY you, ye Gents, who seek a partner fair,
 That thro' life's scenes will soften all your care,
 Cautious survey what is her mental store,
 Her taste for books and learning well explore;
 See how domestic plans her thoughts employ,
 From that great source must spring the purest joy;
 Such rudiments morality insure,
 And shew religion in a mind that's pure;
 Beauty may please, but soon or late must fade,
 Exterior charms Time's blighting powers will shade;
 Good sense and temper is the clue thro' life,
 That you should prize whene'er you chuse a wife;
 In such a choice, if constancy prevail,
 No wish for bliss in which you e'er can fail.

THE FOLLOWING LINES

*Were written at the Request of a Friend, to put up in
the House of a poor Widow, who kept a small Inn,
called*

SURLY HALL.

FRIENDS to the Widow, and to English cheer,
Step in—regale with punch, or ale or beer;
If civil treatment will your favour gain,
Why rest assur'd no toil I'll think a pain;
But greet you welcome with a friendly smile,
And trust to call again you'll trudge a mile;
For this believe, tho' "Surly Hall" I keep,
I'm pleas'd by day, and in good humour sleep.

HENRY, A SONG.

YE airy regions from afar,
Thro' echo's pleasing sound convey,
Proclaim aloud the happy star,
That points to Virtue's flow'ry way;

That gives my heart a youthful glow,
When on my absent love I muse;
That bids the grateful channel flow,
For joy I did my Henry chuse.

For

For tho' stern Neptune o'er the main,
His Trident power at large may shew,
Still Cupid shall his cause maintain,
And yield to me my Henry true.

The Nymphs with garlands shall my head,
In raptures pleas'd with joy adorn,
While every swain Love's paths to tread,
Shall welcome in the happy morn.

Hark still, ye winds, his tongue I hear,
My throbbing heart beats to his voice,
Harmonious whispers greet my ear,
'Tis Henry now confirms his choice.

" Swift on the wings of love he came,
" The bridal-day he gladly hails!
" Hymen shall light the kindred flame,
" Where love, pure love, unfraught prevails."

PARAPHRASE

PARAPHRASE

O N

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, who in Heaven art;
 By all Thou art ador'd!
 People of every age and part,
 Proclaim Jehovah Lord!

Hallowed by all be Thy great name;
 And may Thy kingdom come;
 Thy will on earth, as heaven the same,
 For gracious ends be done.

Give me, this day, Thy grace and bread,
 Whatever steps thou deem,
 Consistent in this life to tread,
 May I not think extreme.

Forgive me, Lord! my many sins,
 As I to others do;
 Cleanse me from all my guilt within;
 Make me to others true.

Mean as I am upheld by Thee,
 I am Thy creature still,
 And as Thou dost my meanness see,
 Be life or death thy will.

Give

Give me a heart to feel distress,
 To aid the wants I see,
 That I may with that blessing bless,
 With which Thou blestest me.

From all temptation set me free,
 Preserve me with Thy care;
 Keep me from evils that I see;
 Grant me Thy gifts to share.

Thy kingdom great to Thee belongs!
 All power is Thy own;
 Thy glory is the Angels song!
 To all Thy fame is known.

Forever, Lord! Thy name be prais'd!
 For evermore declar'd;
 Exalted notes forever rais'd!
 And by Thy people shar'd.

Amen! Amen!

POETIC PRAYER

F O R

RESIGNATION.

GREAT God! to whom my birth I owe,
 Tho' mould'ring clay, to Thee I bow;
 Who dost thy various blessings give,
 Thro' thee I breathe, I move, I live.
 In infancy, presiding care,
 Propitious did thy love declare;
 And as progressive steps pursu'd,
 Thy genuine favour to me shew'd;
 Protecting each consistent sense,
 From potent ills thou didst propense,
 And friendly thro' life's dreary scene,
 My Guide and Shepherd kind have been;
 For which, my Sov'reign great, I pray,
 Due thanks accept while here I stay;
 And still thy clue to guide extend;
 Still be my God, my Father, Friend;
 That I may all thy mercies see,
 With gratitude, O God, to me;
 Which tho' in veil a time may seem,
 Thou wilt for good essential deem;
 If I fruitious faith improve,
 Thou wilt display parental love;
 Thro' all the sable scenes of life,
 Will shield me from contempt and strife;

That

That I may ever praise thy name,
 And all thy noble acts proclaim.
 On thee my future cares I rest,
 That no more evil may molest,
 Than what I may thro' hope withstand,
 When guided by thy powerful hand.
 What scourges I have yet receiv'd,
 I trust will ever be believ'd,
 As blessings in a pure disguise,
 As by thy servant truly wise,
 Was, O my Lord! to all made known,
 And what thy servants still must own,
 Who wish to wear a glorious crown.
 If chastening still must be my lot,
 May I, thro' grace, not be forgot,
 But patient wait each ebb and flow,
 And thro' each change with thanks may glow;
 Till wing'd on Hope's celestial fire,
 My soul is clad with warm desire!
 To soar aloft and praises sing,
 To God above, our Heav'nly King!
 Such be my end, my God, I crave!
 To triumph over death and grave!

ON BUILDING THE
NEW CATHOLIC COLLEGE,
AT MAYNOOTH,

The first Stone being laid by His Excellency EARL CAMDEN.

TO *George* each heart of animating zeal,
Must offer praise in a religious weal;
Conscience no bias in it's tenets finds,
But loos'd from shackles of ungracious minds,
Flies from it's bondage and in safety springs,
And to it's dictates in each choir it sings;
Free as the flowing of the gracious tide,
It's blessings shall to thousands blifs betide;
Freedom shall now extatic praises sing,
And blest the man who did those tidings bring;
Camden it was, for whom such gifts in store
Were held, to banish errors of mistaken pow'r;
The ghastly spectre and tyranic claw,
No more shall govern in religious law;
Each man shall now his own persuasion own,
Nor dread to make his real mind be known,

TO CONTENTMENT.

CONTENT, thou gleaming ray of heav'nly light,
 Offspring of virtue, matron of delight;
 Thy blooming charms when ripen'd into fruit,
 Glow in each breast, and soften each pursuit;
 Thy calm endearments shall dull clouds disperse,
 Consol'd thy vot'ries shall blythe strains rehearse;
 True mirror thou of purest social blifs,
 By thy support each scourging rod we kiss;
 Thy cordial aid from care can banish harm,
 Infuse in every breast thy blissful charm;
 Sooth every ill each varied life can feel,
 And latent wounds of tortur'd bosoms heal;
 Nor crowns, or sceptres, can thy pow'r retain,
 The humble cot on each extended plain,
 Alike thy bounty can profusely share,
 By thy support for blifs above prepare;
 Corruption's pupils at thy shrine shall bow,
 But vainly boast the joys thou can'st bestow;
 'Tis honour's sacred theme thy poise shall boast,
 Thy incense shall ascend the ætherial coast;
 In every stage of nature's varied course,
 Where'er thou art, or who adopts thy force,
 Shall all distinctions with disdain proclaim,
 While thee they court their ev'ry wish and aim,
 Alike shall centre in one pond'rous weight,
 Each scene apply equivalently straight,
 Shall own in reason one great pow'r supreme,
 Yield to that will and nought appear extreme.

Thy

Thy fostering care may each glad heart enjoy,
 Thy aid extend, no ills can then annoy;
 Life's strange perspective view in steady course,
 Sip at thy fountain of fruitious source;
 Thy sound shall all their alien passions call,
 To thee subservient they'll devoutly fall;
 And each enjoyment in full force display,
 How rich they are, who thy commands obey;
 Apply for good each adverse scene in life,
 Thy shield shall bar from ev'ry potent strife.

ON PRUDENCE,

AT THE REQUEST OF A YOUNG LADY.

PRUDENCE, my friend, has lessons in her store,
 For those who will her richest mines explore;
 She holds a mirror, which if we attend,
 Has treasures in herself which never end.
 Thro' every scene of this precarious life,
 She'll shine propitious and defy all strife;
 She'll check the passions, and will surely guide,
 All those who sail on life's precarious tide;
 If they her tract with arduous wish pursue,
 And hold her portrait to their constant view;
 She'll lead to pleasures which each man may reach,
 And true enjoyment to each mortal teach;

No

No scene of bliss but she'll inspire with glee,
 She stems no source where happiness may be :
 'Tis false delusion in the human breast,
 That gives to Vice the umpire o'er the rest ;
 Reflections vanish in the active mind,
 They chuse the ill, when not to good inclin'd ;
 The aid of Prudence is but rarely sought,
 Till Folly's seal is fix'd upon the thought ;
 Still e'er attentive when in need she waits,
 And marks the road that leads into her gates.
 If in the youthful mind she does preside,
 No fear remains but she the heart will guide ;
 Will on this earthly stage her own protect,
 And will their future steps with care direct.
 Since you so early seek this valu'd prize,
 No doubt remains but she must in your eyes
 Shine as a star, whose lustre will remain,
 And guide you o'er this great terrestrial plain ;
 Will shield your cause, and be your great support,
 Whate'er your lot, in cottage or a court.

O D E

FOR THE BIRTH DAY OF

Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal,

On her attaining the Age of 21 Years, September 29, 1787.

HAIL! Virgins in fair Virtue's train,
Arise, your lyres string,
Your roseat bow'rs adorn again,
And with new raptures sing.
Aurora with fresh aid inspir'd,
Shall all her sweets transfuse;
The Muses with fresh ardour fir'd,
The happy theme shall chuse.

To celebrate the joyful day,
The Graces shall inspire the lay;
The day that blest the royal pair,
And gave a daughter to their care.

Say, could a Grecian Matron own,
Or could great Nature frame,
A brighter gem for any crown,
Than blaz'd in Charlotte's name?
"Matur'd with reason as with age,
"Shall her bright talents shine,
"To prove that on this earthly stage,
"There may be souls divine."

Ye Siren songsters haste to join,
Your halcyon notes to mirth incline,
And at each note to virtue bow,
Her shrine is deck'd with * Charlotte's vow.

Ye daughters of Britannia's race,
Who boast of Freedom's reign,
Look to the mirror in her face,
And all her steps maintain ;
Enlarg'd with all the powers could give,
In rectitude compleat,
" Learn to be virtuous is to live,
" 'Tis Wisdom forms the truly great."

Scenes of pleasure, scenes of joy,
Music's charms which cannot cloy ;
Chearful moments sweetly glide,
Swell with glee the flowing tide.

Thy bright example, Royal Maid,
On record safe shall stand,
Till Time his tribute full has paid ;
Nor lessons more can hand.
" Propitious powers still preside,
" To guard the regal throne,
" And publish to the nations wide,
" That honour gilds the British crown."

Genii chaste your voices raise,
And sound abroad great Brunswic's praise ;
Their worth in songs of endless love,
Sing below, and sing above.

P

CONGRA-

It has ever been reported that her Royal Highness declined every idea of a marriage state.

CONGRATULATORY ODE

TO THE

K I N G,

On the happy Recovery of His Majesty in April, 1789.

AVAUNT! dull thoughts and dire suspense,
All gloomy horrors banish hence;
Sickness withdraws her awful train;
Britons rejoice, and hope again!
To Heaven's high throne their praise address,
And thus their grateful thanks express:

Hail! echoing choirs of Seraphs sweet,
The songs of Britons joyful meet;
To praise that Power supreme in song,
Who heard the prayers of all the throng;
United in the bonds of love,
Christians and Jews the theme approve;
They offer up in truth sincere,
Their wish, that God might interfere:
The omnipotent of high abode!
Yielding to souls of every road;
The guardian Angel blew the sound,
To cheer the hearts of all around;
"Aw'd by his fiat, stern Disease,
"His mandate strait decreed obeys;

And

" And thro' the ætherial orb conveys,
 " Glad tidings of returning ease,
 " Receive your King, the Angel cried!
 " George and glad health again allied,
 " Shall blessings round once more disperse,
 " While we with ardour warm rehearse:"

How every region glows with joy,
 How every Muse their art employ,
 How silence lends its grateful aid,
 And blends it's gifts in light and * shade.

Not Envy's snakes thy throne shall press,
 True British hearts thy shrine shall dress;
 Peace shall her flow'rets cull and bring,
 To decorate her favorite King;
 The lyre's soft string shall pliant yield,
 Dull thoughts it's pleasant notes shall wield;
 Harmonious sounds triumphant rise,
 Let George and Charlotte claim the prize!
 Let Hymen's torch again revive,
 Still in it's favorite clime to thrive;
 Till time alone shall quench the flame,
 And yield to heaven each pious name,

Spirits congenial with all good,
 Still hear Britannia's prayer,
 O'er earth may it be understood,
 She's Heaven's peculiar care.

Sacred

* In allusion to the splendid illuminations in London and it's vicinity.

Sacred her Monarch's virtues glow,
 Unfullied in the book of fate;
 Engraven on sweet Freedom's brow,
 Shall stand Time's most extended date.

To every point the compass tells,
 Aloud with rapid speed declare,
 That joyful hope dull clouds expels,
 And Britons true thanksgiving share.

Thanksgiving to that God on high,
 Who heard them in their deep distress;
 Who owns the humble when they cry,
 And deigns with pitying hand to bless.

George, may'st thou long in splendid state,
 Live to be happy as thou'rt great;
 And still as thou shalt more be known,
 May Heaven from thorns protect thy crown:
 Terrestrial gifts, celestial grace,
 Continue still thy path to trace;
 "Still blest and blessing, be thy people thine,
 "Be thou their King, as by command divine."

CONGRATULATORY ODE

TO THE

QUEEN,

On His Majesty's happy Recovery, April 1789.

PROPITIOUS Powers! where Virtue dwells,
 Say, where thy guardian care excels?
 Say, where the Graces rove for sweet recess,
 Say, where it is they do supremely bless?
 Note, where in triumph they have plac'd their seat,
 And in what breast they find their bliss compleat?
 Say, hov'ring Genii, mark their bless'd abode,
 See Wisdom's ray points to the flow'ry road;
 She shields the harbour where the olive twines,
 She wreaths the laurel and defends the vines;
 She, with propitious care, guards Britain's throne;
 She sues to heaven, her pray'rs bring blessings down.
 " When Charlotte's voice soar'd thro' the vaulted
 " skies,
 " Her God attended to her anxious sighs;"
 Nor longer could her pious wish withstand,
 But health proclaim'd to ease a drooping land;
 To cheer the people and console their Queen,
 Their King restore for blessings yet unseen.
 The balmy comfort of true ease espied,
 Great Charlotte, patient, waits the flowing tide;
 Sees rising Hope it's banner glad display,
 And meets with rapture the approaching day;

The

The day that gladly owns her George revives ;
 The day, when echoing sounds proclaim " he lives !
 He lives ! he lives ! triumphant lives to frown
 On foes, who dare debase Great George's crown !
 " The gordian knot with luring hope invites,
 " Defies dull clouds, and claims it's sacred rites ;"
 While transport rises in the mutual scene,
 Bliss glows with ardour in each mind serene ;
 United thanks in lofty notes aspire,
 To blend with joy above the Angels choir !

Female Graces here advance,

And hail the happy theme ;

Harmless join the festive dance,

Join in the joy extreme.

The sweet tabret hither bring,

The pedal harp enjoin ;

To chaunt aloud " God save the King,"

And Charlotte's name entwine.

Hail ! happy Matron of this vast domain,
 May smiling health and her alluring train,
 Her happy gifts to ages still maintain ;
 May loyal hearts true adoration pay,
 And celebrate with joy the auspicious day,
 Which plac'd the Georges on their splendid throne,
 To hand sweet Freedom in progression down.
 " Till Time's last period may such blessings shine,
 " In the same road of Brunswick's fertile line."

ON THE DEATH OF
CAPTAIN JOHN HUNT,

OF THE JAMES AND WILLIAM OF BELFAST,

Who departed this Life the 5th of May, 1796, aged 30 Years.

LET not in distant climes thy worth be lost,
Tho' from thy home the boist'rous seas were crost;
The rapid torrent it's due part had wrought,
Nor terrors new in this sad voyage sought;
Still the grim tyrant had in embryo held,
The fatal arrow which this worthy fell'd;
His dread commission from the Power Supreme,
Shall teach vile mortals " life is but a dream."
His youthful frame with virtue strong impress,
Was with domestic merit richly drest;
With love hymeneal and fraternal bound,
His name's still hallow'd in it's sacred ground,
A heart to grief susceptible is found;
The sure deposit of a husband's name,
Whose pure religion fed the sacred flame!
Celestial hope, his anchor while in life,
Alone consoles his truly widow'd wife.

T O

MR. ANDREW DORAN,

Desiring a few Lines upon the rising Ambition attendant from Infancy to Maturity.

WHEN infant smiles with innocence unite,
 What sweet emotions does each breast excite!
 Where soft'ring care parental bosoms warm,
 And lisping accents have the power to charm;
 Pathetic soothing, as by nature bound,
 Her stimulus in every stage is found;
 Each look, each gesture, gives ideas scope,
 And forms the basis of a future hope.
 As soars the child on Emulation's ground,
 From infant scenes on boyish steps he's found;
 When onward as the glowing mind explores,
 And learning opens her alluring stores;
 As filial duties urge to active scenes,
 And grace each effort with a pleasing mien;
 Progressive task, see wisdom beauteous shines,
 And hails the youth within her pleasant lines,
 Yields to each effort as the mind expands,
 And deals her tactics round to various hands;
 Who at her splendid shrine their tributes yield,
 And trace her steps thro' Information's field;
 Led by her clue, each youth of ductile grace,
 Her various gifts thro' labyrinths shall trace;

Such

Such as alone can grace the human frame,
 And by exertion ground a lasting fame;
 Each step advancing, rising manhood shines,
 And back reverting boyish scenes defines;
 In triumph glad the arduous task admires,
 And innate feels the glow of warm desires,
 To aim at wealth he feeds Ambition's fires.
 What path to tread on Life's precarious soil,
 Where patrimony is no bar to toil;
 If then profession is his future plan,
 'Tis study that must next compleat the man;
 'Tis not to sophistry the mind must bend,
 But past events with latent truths must blend;
 From such prolific branches virtues shoot,
 'Tis such alone can fertilize the root;
 'Tis such alone can temporize the man,
 And teach him how each worldly wile to scan;
 Professors thus shall Wisdom's bound'ries tread,
 And with true radiance wreath the laurell'd head.
 If wealth sufficient is by heaven bestow'd,
 And sweet benevolence in the breast has glow'd,
 Improvement only in the studious mind,
 Will good inspire and pious acts incline;
 Historic knowledge deck'd with classic aid,
 Shall Iplendid shine where efforts are display'd;
 Thro' every tract each noble deed to trace,
 The virtues which adorn'd our ancient race;
 With ages past our present days compare,
 And yield to merit it's proportion'd share;
 Each generous act with noble deeds combin'd,
 Must raise a glow in each ambitious mind;

Urbanity in elevated souls will shine,
Where virtue does with dignity incline.

Such lot in life however great it seem,
Has cares attendant on the golden dream;
Such talents given, and to whom consign'd,
E'en with a truly philanthropic mind,
Must, as philosopher, and christian share,
As true vicegerents, their appointed care;
Much being given, much will be requir'd,
And where with zealous good the mind's inspir'd,
Circuitous scenes will anxious thoughts possess,
How to distribute and relieve distress.

If on Industry's lap the youth is thrown,
And from her rudiments his cares must own,
No merit less is in the balance found,
He still exists on providential ground;
If he with steady course his path pursues,
He'll seldom fail to gratify his views;
If to advice he does assiduous bend,
To that glad task on which his hopes depend;
Tho' he no stated share of good can claim,
In virtuous characters he'll write his name;
No ills can then his conduct ever mar,
Prepondering hope shall be his guiding star;
Justice shall still support his bark thro' life,
And shall defend him from each baneful strife.

That practis'd manners, theory surpasses,
Is daily seen thro' every various class.

Light

Light is the man, and as a meteor found,
 Who is not with pure moral lessons bound;
 Whether to fortune or to science born,
 Who wants that basis must appear forlorn:
 On every wheel on which our nature rolls,
 In various colours or to various poles,
 Each man what temper, or what country he,
 Thro' every trace must this plain lesson see;
 Wind up the system, and the purpose scan,
 You'll see 'tis manners "constitute the man."
 Perfection is not in the human scale to find,
 Yet Providence to mercy still inclin'd,
 Veils o'er the frailties of the human race,
 Tho' able in our minds each fault to trace;
 And fragile as we are in all our ways,
 Protects us in our course of lengthen'd days;
 Proves the main-spring to every action kind,
 Which thro' each path of life we wish to find;
 No curtain can our sable scenes confine,
 Nor can the evil with the good combine;
 Each action in the sacred book of fate,
 Shall there impartial fix it's fatal date;
 This cautious item should each mind impel,
 And urge each man each other to excel.

M E D I O C R I T Y *.

HOWE'ER the die of fate for us be cast,
 Dread not the future nor regret the past,
 But as each scene to us may greet our view,
 Adopt each lesson and to each be true;
 Friendship's a foil to every cogent strife,
 And if sincere corrects the ills of life.
 Soar not thy wishes above medium's line,
 Least adverse winds those wishes should entwine;
 Sink not too low, lest there on sands thou tread,
 The plumb-line miss, and wrong the sails bespread;
 Let the firm basis of thy conduct be
 Pois'd equal, as betwixt the land and sea;
 Reason will then her canvas widely spread,
 Will be thy clue, with her unerring thread;
 Her even tract will each rude passion scan,
 And e'er smooth o'er the rugged path of man.
 Within her compass all the virtues meet,
 No morbid passions there can take their seat;
 Vice she'll disarm, and blunt it's pointed rage,
 'Tis her cool breezes can the mind assuage;
Redressing

* Written in consequence of hearing an excellent Discourse delivered by the Rev. Mr. Ledwich, at St. Catherine's Church, from the 8th verse of the 4th chapter of Philippians, the words as follows: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Redressing wrongs, the pages will unfold,
 Where virtuous deeds of virtuous men are told;
 Where justice in one man precisely great,
 Divides around a share of regal state;
 Humanity another's breast may warm,
 And truth unerring may another charm;
 Of pious charity some men may boast,
 And tread at large Religion's certain coast;
 Or should those blessings one man's breast pervade,
 He safe may tread the midnight's dreary shade;
 This heavenly compound must in mirror shine,
 And in perspective shew the man divine;
 To trace this portrait each a pencil take,
 If such in Providence a man can make;
 Humility, in turn, will blend her powers,
 And Faith will join with her prolific showers.
 Thus shall the man who was in frailty born,
 Tread on the thistle and defy the thorn;
 The labyrinth dark, midst every ill shall pass,
 And view past frailties in true medium's glass.

TO SYMPATHY.

SUPERIOR Virtue of the heaven born train ! A
 Who hears the suit of all who just complain ;
 Whose cause afflicting dreads the fate of years,
 Till thou the orphan's sighs and widow's tears,
 Adopt as each in turn their case deplore,
 And from thy soothing care increase their store,
 If not of gold, of resignation strong,
 To yield to him to whom all powers belong ;
 And who in wisdom's care distributes wide,
 His blessings various in the fluxing tide
 Of life's wide field, where various gifts are sown
 To each a share, tho' not alike are known ;
 The purpose varied as each herb produc'd,
 A healing balm by wisdom's chain traduc'd ;
 From hand to hand the link by reason bound,
 Thro' circling wilds each for it's use is found.
 Thus in the system of great Nature's frame,
 To some great wealth, to others Honour's fame ;
 To some are talents given, not of lore,
 Whom secret arts are doom'd at large t'explore ;
 Thus pois'd in life's great scales, why envy those
 Whom gold prefer, on that their hope repose
 " Dire subtle metal, while encrusted o'er,
 " With earth's close cover for it's sacred door ;
 " No ill dispenses in it's pristine state,
 " Till vivid flashes dignify it's fate ;"

Rush'd

Rush'd on Pandora, on it's form lets fly,
The reigning vices mingl'd with the dye.

To Mammon's altar now behold the throng,
Each claiming as to native earth belong;
Not thus dispens'd in providential care,
To some a larger, some a smaller share;
Portions are varied in pure Wisdom's course,
To yield to virtue's spring primeval source;
To aid kind Sympathy, thy power divine,
Where humble merit does not wealth combine;
To draw it by thy fostering clue to light,
And level gifts alike to human sight;
Proving to all, that all the care supreme,
Enjoy in varied shades that care extreme;
However veil'd by our first father's fall,
Proves God is good, and good alike to all.

ON THE AVIDITY OF

MR. PITT.

On the Appearance of a War with France in the year 1792.
When it was reported he wrote his own Lines.

Prepared for the press, and sent to the printer.

These lines were sent to the printer, and were printed in the

Year 1792, and were published in the Year 1793.

Which Mr. Pitt has since published in the Year 1793.

The French Revolution, and the French Republic.

The French Revolution, and the French Republic.

The French Revolution, and the French Republic.

The French Revolution, and the French Republic.

The French Revolution, and the French Republic.

The French Revolution, and the French Republic.

The French Revolution, and the French Republic.

The French Revolution, and the French Republic.

The French Revolution, and the French Republic.

The French Revolution, and the French Republic.

The French Revolution, and the French Republic.

ON FORTITUDE.

BLEST is the man who can or does possess,
 A manly Fortitude in deep distress;
 Who can, when friends ingratitude do shew,
 Withstand the sorrows of new added woe;
 Who can, when complicated griefs arise,
 Defy their force, and baseness still despise:
 He who thus bold, thus resolute can form,
 His mind to weather each tempestuous storm,
 Must blessings know which none but those can taste,
 Whose lives are virtuous, and whose days are chaste.

ON THE AVIDITY OF

MR. PITT,

On the Appearance of a War with France in the year 1787,
 when it was reported he wrote his own Letters.

THY prowess, Pitt, to future times shall tell,
 What secret ardour did thy bosom swell,
 When Mars his terror thunder'd o'er the land,
 Thy truncheon'd quill declar'd thy martial band;
 Thy just commands with aid mercurial sprung,
 Unmoor'd were ships, and out gay pendants hung;
 Swift

Swift to thy standard did each hero come,
 With anxious wish to meet the life and drum:
 Hail! to thy heart sincere in Britain's cause,
 Long may'st thou, long sustain her pristine laws,
 Hold terror to her foes, and teach them still,
 That steady virtue baffles subtle skill;
 Teach the perfidious Gauls what ground to tread,
 That they no longer may false terror spread,
 But know that Britain's oak they e'er shall dread.

" Rouse then, ye generous sons of Freedom's life,

" And with glad tribute make her altars smile.

CONTINUATION to 1796.

STILL persevering in thy state career,
 Proceed in hope, defying every fear;
 Till Britain shall a solid peace obtain,
 That may decide, and future wars refrain;
 Let justice be thy clue in every plan,
 Nor let false bias guide from man to man;
 Prepond'rate well, that you the weight may find,
 That shall to ages future contracts bind;
 Let not the earth again be delug'd o'er
 With crimson torrent, flowing human gore;
 Fast to her moorings bind the peaceful chain,
 And crush the snakes that dare to rise again.
 Let no contaminating lore be spread,
 That o'er the olive may it's poison shed;

It's branches prune with care that they may spring,
 Till Time's best Genii shall in praises sing,
 That Britons may to arbours cool retire,
 No more to dread the cannon's awful fire;
 That levelling power that mows mankind to earth,
 And gives to Feud, that evil bantling birth;
 Grasp well the moment when good tidings soar,
 Nor aim beyond the constituting power.

Thy fame shall then among the fair resound,
 When home their partners shall again be found;
 Parents and children shall assist the lay,
 And crown with harmony the happy day;
 That shall each drooping soul again revive,
 And cause connubial bliss again to thrive.
 And when the herald to the human race,
 Shall bid thee to his order yield thy place,
 Then shall thy name great as thy Sire's shine,
 And Britons decorate thy marble shrine.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY IN THE MORNING, 1796.

ON OPENING

THE NEW DOCKS AT RINGSEND,

CONSTRUCTED, PLANNED AND EXECUTED, UNDER

*The Patronage of the Right Honorable and Honorable
the Directors of the Grand Canal Company.*

GENII of Commerce! with the sun arise!
And to propitious prospects ope thine eyes!
Make thou *Hibernia* thy peculiar care,
To whom heaven does prolific bounties share.
Hail! in glad St. George, who thy Patrick meets,
On Hope's glad wing thy patron Saint he greets;
Joyful around the happy scene he views,
With pleasure sees what * dignity pursues;
It's fost'ring care Projection's powers has crown'd,
And wafts it's treasures to the regions round.
The peasants long by poverty oppress'd,
With anxious cares their arduous wish express'd,
That they on active scenes might rest their hope,
And to industry give a chearful scope;

That

* Alluding to the sanction given to the Grand Canal Undertaking by the Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom of Ireland, in conjunction with the Commercial Part of the Community.

That might askance defy that haggard wight,
 That blasts attempts and darkens o'er the sight,
 Despair, that monster! shall the magic feel,
 That gives to labour the keen edge of steel.
 Long dormant lay the genius of this isle,
 Long did it, long refuse a gracious smile;
 Long, long within the dreary mansion lay,
 The active movements of the wat'ry way;
 For use design'd, in Nature's general plan,
 To blend the intercourse 'twixt man and man:
 Bound by the stratas which their powers confin'd,
 Their hidden treasures were below combin'd;
 Till schemes mechanic engineering tried,
 And found to wealth they were a certain guide.
 Swift thro' the air the happy tidings flew,
 That held such prospects to *Hibernia's* view;
*Jessop**, the man, exploring maxims taught,
 And tipt ambition in each glowing thought;
 He form'd the channel and the rills could find,
 That might the interests of the people bind;
Mamod† are now the embryo springs to birth,
 Which grace the surface of their mother earth.
 The verdant mead their grateful aid shall own,
 And *Quadrupeds* shall sip it's limpid down.
 Industry's cheering beams and gladd'ning ray,
 Shall hope around to every class convey;
 Arts, Science, mechanism, all shall join,
 To spread abroad this proud commercial vine.

In

* Alluding to the sanction given to the Grand Canal Undertaking.
 † The Engineers who conducted this great Undertaking.
 in conjunction with the Commercial Part of the Community.

In * *Townsend's* day it's vegetation sprung,
Harcourt but view'd the sprays on which were hung }
 The buds, that were to prosperous tales the tongue.
 'Twas *Buckingham* it's spreading arms embrac'd,
 And *Rutland* saw it's blooming beauties grac'd;
 " But here, O Muse! lament with pitying tear!
 " Weep, willow weep, upon his youthful bier!
 " Still shall his virtue in this country shine,
 " She'll yield a tribute to his memory's shrine."
 The rising progress *Westmoreland* could see,
 As branches issuing from the mother tree.
Fitzwilliam's dawn so early did withdraw,
 That no fair prospect of this plant he saw;
 But *Camden* 'tis that culls the ripen'd fruit,
 And gives a glow to every rich pursuit.
 'Tis *Camden*, gossip to *Hibernia's* fate,
 At whose command each fastening leaves the gate!
 Ope fly the doors, avaunt the bolts let fly!
 And cheering huzza's rend the echoing sky!
 View the gay *Dorset*, † *Schomberg* for her guide, }
 With swollen sails she triumphs o'er the tide,
 Hails! in her guests in pageantry of pride. }
 To grace the scene, this beauteous vessel sail'd,
 And the grand source of future wealth assail'd.

Neptune,

* The idea of incorporating the Grand Canal Company originated in that constant and great friend to the interests of Ireland, the most noble Marquis Townsend; was farther encouraged, and their interests promoted, by his successor, the Earl Harcourt, the Marquis of Buckingham, the Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Westmoreland, the Earl Fitzwilliam; and the Docks, the object of this part of the Poem, were opened by Earl Camden.

† The Commander of the Royal Yacht.

Neptune, whose frigid breast till now was chill'd,
 With ard'ous glow found his cold nerves were fill'd;
 Down drop'd his Trident, at his feet it lay,
 While female beauty did it's charms display;
 His Syren songsters could no longer charm,
 Terrestrial beauty could this god disarm;

" He owns with glee the bantling of the day,

" Accepts the tribute, and will glad repay,

" His power fruitious ever bears the sway."

From his stern car the world around he views,
 And various tribes of various colours strews;
 His motley sons in each known clime are spread,
 And learning's ground on various lands they tread;
 Absorbing stupor, ripen'd genius springs,
 And thus yields wealth to princes, people, kings.

To sordid states who shew no fostering care,
 Shall ignorance their future ages share;

'Tis to those who with hospitable glow,

Relieve the stranger from his heart-felt woe;

That grateful science shall exalt it's head,

And knowledge useful on their ground shall spread;

'Tis thou, *Hibernia*, who such bliss shall taste,

No longer shall thy lands expos'd to waste

Uncultur'd lie, they agriculture shall taste.

Thy *Grand Canal*, unsailing source of wealth,

Shall yield fresh powers, and give it's vot'ries health;

Materials raw, and rich manure shall grace,

The hope clad prospects of each dreary place;

From such glad help shall manufactures rise,

And genius spring to ope the darken'd eyes;

From sea to sea diversify the plan,

And wreath with hope each now desponding man;

Industry's

Industry's arts at every point to blend,
 And teach each one each other to befriend,
 Stupendous mansions those fair banks shall grace,
 And useful stores shall fill each vacant place;
 Ceres with golden sheaves the ground shall dress,
 Improvement shall the owners mind impress.
 The oak *, so fam'd for worth in ages past,
 Again shall spring, and shall to ages last;
 Their spreading arms shall be the traveller's shield,
 Their nodding plumes shall deck the owner's field;
 In naval work its useful trunk shall shine,
 And teach the world they'll guard the *British* line;
 Lur'd by the scenes domestic views inspire,
 Each breast shall zealous glow with warm desire,
 To renovate with joy the people round,
 And see glad efforts with glad plenty crown'd;
 The Card'nal train shall beam their gracious rays,
 And sweet Benevolence on each altar blaze;
 Their gifts transcendent shall diffuse around,
 The blessings that shall spread their fruitful ground;
Rebellion shall no longer stir up strife,
 Labour shall yield the cordial balm of life;
Defenders shall their implements of war
 Yield up, to roll the true commercial car!
 The rake, the prong, the shuttle and the loom,
 Shall union hail! and draw each wanderer home.
 Each parent shall the wond'rous tale relate,
 And bless the † *Pillars* of their happy fate;
 Their

* Meaning to recommend the planting of the famous Oaks produced in this island, which, though long neglected, may now be rendered very serviceable by Canal conveyance.

† The Proprietors of the Grand Canal Company.

Their grateful themes shall bless the land with peace,
And controversy in each tribe shall cease.

“ Thus thro’ the veil of Time’s mysterious scenes,
“ Appears the movements of those great machines;
“ The Graving Docks, who each their master own,
“ Till doomsday shall for useful works be known;
“ Compleat each vessel shall in safety float,
“ St. George’s walls shall guard the sacred moat;
“ Their circling strength shall each rude wave
confine,

“ And spurn at angry Boreas in their line.”
Ambition’s fires the vivid flame can raise,
And to late ages sound mechanic praise;
Blessings to every varied class can hand,
“ * And scatter plenty o’er a smiling land.”
No longer shall a moaning voice be heard,
Hills, vales, and dales shall each alike be cheer’d;
Interior streams shall wealth around unite,
And greet the country with the pleasing sight;
It’s floating wealth from inland merchants stores,
Shall find their value on the distant shores;
In Friendship’s social bands each class to bind,
And barter in the distant climes to find;
In nations where each fabrick has it’s fame,
And where priority it’s rights can claim.

Muse now withdraw, the splendid scene is o’er,
The great repast † has crown’d the vacant hour;

The

* Quotation from Mr. Griffith’s truly celebrated Pamphlet upon the advantages of Canal Navigation.

† Alluding to the elegant Public Breakfast given by the Grand Canal Company on opening the Docks.

The gladd'ning scene of Wealth's aspiring pride,
 Shall yield amusement at thy fire-side;
 Where Memory's powers to Time's extended date,
 Shall hold the presage of *Hibernia's* fate!
 Which shall the wish of future ages crown,
 And hand tradition on it's records down.

THE CORINTHIANS

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THE 1ST CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE

T O

THE CORINTHIANS

PARAPHRASED,

*And some Annotations of St. Paul's Mission, with
Digressions.*

PAUL, who in youth adher'd to Jewish rules,
 And long sought praise in great Gamaliel's schools;
 When he the glorious light from Heav'n receiv'd,
 He taught the truth, and that great truth believ'd.
 Contrasted lessons to his former light,
 He scann'd with fervour, and declar'd delight;
 On Hope's glad wing, the Christians taught to soar,
 And thro' their Saviour Heav'n's road t'explore;
 Rejoic'd Athenians to his doctrine bend,
 Ephesians glow, and their glad ardour send,
 Corinthians glad, their cordial aid transcend. }
 With faith coercive he the Gentiles taught,
 And miracles among them daily wrought;
 That he with knowledge might their minds inspire,
 And kindle in their breasts a pure desire,
 To guide them thro' the dreary path of life,
 And by Religion bar all future strife.

Orations

Orations learn'd, in which he long excell'd,
 Their minds attract'd, and heathen gloom expell'd.
 His lectures fam'd, with eloquence he spread,
 And laurell'd victory adorn'd his head.
 The embellish'd temples, long by idols own'd,
 No longer by those deities were crown'd;
 When he his embassy aloud declar'd,
 Thousands attentive with attention heard.

My mission, brethren, I aloud proclaim,
 And hail aloud my Heavenly Master's name!
 Salvation's tidings to your souls I preach!
 And the mild lessons of great Jesu teach!
 Consoling hope, I loud around declare,
 If true belief you as good Christians share;
 No doubts can then torment your pliant breasts,
 Reward is sure, you'll earn eternal rest!
 I greet the Gentiles of the nations round,
 Who joy to hear the Gospel's glorious sound!
 And who their long lost time lament with pain,
 And own no shackles of Sin's galling chain;
 Pinion'd by hope, they court celestial fire,
 And in true faith they join the Heavenly choir!
 This was the doctrine of a Saviour's lays,
 To ransom sinners from their direful ways;
 In which sad road they by tradition trod,
 And dedicated to the "unknown God."
 Important truths I to your ears convey,
 My mission orders, and I must obey;
 That in my Master's humble path I tread,
 And with his helmet wreath each sinner's head,

Whose

Whose poignant feelings their past failings own,
 And gladly make their true conversion known ;
 This gracious doctrine I aloud declare,
 That you salvation may with glory share !
 If on it's Author you with faith rely,
 " Sin's demons dread you ever may defy."
 Who glory left, on humble earth to tread,
 And fed the flock his own with Heavenly bread ?
 With agonizing pain our sins he bore,
 That sinful man he might to Heaven restore !
 " O cruel Cross ! how was his patience tried !
 " The great celestial door to open wide."
 Admission to obtain his blood he spilt,
 Advising all to banish future guilt ;
 That in due time aloft on high might dwell,
 And ever shun the cruel gates of hell.
 In Scriptural Records are those truths declar'd,
 And of his miracles glad sounds were heard !
 Tho' in sepulchral rites his body lay,
 Within the close cold earth as mortal clay,
 Till aw'd by dread alarm the watchmen fall,
 The stone withdraws, and loud the Angels call !
 Why seek ye here, within this dark domain,
 That Saviour ! who to earth is risen again !
 The third day prov'd the glad assertion true,
 And hail'd the Saviour of the world anew !
 His resurrection solv'd their anxious fears,
 Who watch'd his tomb with reverential tears !
 With them he walk'd, absorb'd in dark surmise,
 And for a time veil'd o'er their watchful eyes ;
 " With innate zeal their glowing breasts were warm'd,
 " And when convinc'd with zealous warmth were
 " charm'd."

Of Cephas first, then of the twelve was seen,
 Five hundred after view'd his glorious mien!
 In sleep are some repos'd, tho' some remain,
 James too with ardour did these truths explain;
 Of his ascension rapturous truths are told,
 Which of bright scenes resplendent to behold,
 Excell'd all others by the Seers foretold. }
 This sight majestic as above he rose!
 Consol'd their minds that they his path had chose.
 " Triumphant Saviour! soaring thro' the skies!
 " While Cherubs chant aloud his welcome rise!
 " Myriads of Angels join the lofty theme!
 " Saints! Prophets! Martyrs! join the joy extreme!
 " What sounds extatic must inspire the throng,
 " When holy! holy! holy! is the song."
 Last of his care, I heard my Saviour's voice!
 Conviction pleaded and confin'd his choice;
 " Struck with the call divine! aghast I fell!
 " In journeying on this wond'rous tale I tell:
 " The Heavenly ray veil'd o'er my mortal sight,
 " Three days revolv'd e'er I again saw light;
 " Saul! Saul! the word! my Saviour's blissful call!
 " Aw'd by the sound the men around me fall!
 " Who art thou, Lord! whose condescending will,
 " Deigns to enlighten my long erring skill?
 " JESUS I am, whom thou hast long pursu'd,
 " And long my sufferings have with pleasure view'd,
 " 'Tis hard that thou thy eloquence should spread,
 " To bleed again with thorns my wounded head;
 " Open the side which for thy sins shed blood!
 " With hands and feet nail'd to the harden'd wood."

Lord,

Lord, what shall I in suppliant order do,
 In sorrows fervent I past errors view;
 In due obedience to thy sacred name,
 Thy praise I'll sound, and thy great word proclaim;
 Nor more thy wounds, thy torturing wounds renew,
 But at thy feet thy cordial mercy sue;
 For I, the least of all, myself declare,
 As persecution was my wonted care,
 No claim have I to an Apostle's name,
 As cogent errors fed the vivid flame,
 And long the Christian church I spurn'd with shame. }
 " Thanks to inspiring grace, I firmly stand,"
 With efforts yielding to my God's command;
 Labours abundant, more than all I own,
 Tho' in myself I have no power to crown;
 By gifts transcendent innate grace I feel,
 To sooth trite sinners with a fervent zeal;
 If 'tis to me this gracious gift is given,
 I preach the truth, and you glean faith from heav'n,
 If Christ be known, and that from death he rose,
 No spurious thoughts conceive, that truth oppose;
 If from the dead no resurrection springs,
 That fate is dire to rich, to poor, and kings!
 For then in vain the agonizing cross,
 Our Saviour suffer'd " to redeem our loss;"
 If cruel doubts still in your minds arise,
 In vain Christ died, in vain again did rise;
 And if not risen, is our preaching vain,
 Weak still your faith, its weakness will retain.
 In evidence of the great works we saw,
 We greatly err if we pervert the law;

Or

Or doubt those truths we have so long declar'd,
 That Christ was rais'd and has God's glory shar'd;
 For if in earth's close urn the dead remain,
 Then rose not Christ, and is our preaching vain.
 Learn then this truth, if Christ soar'd not on high,
 Vain is your faith, your sins of scarlet dye;
 Perish'd are they who in his soft repose,
 Their eyes have clos'd and future hope have chose;
 " If on this life alone our hope we rest,
 " Then of all others we the least are blest."

But now in triumph Christ o'er death is risen!
 Fruitless joy! to those whose hope is heaven!
 By man's dread fall did Death his horrors spread,
 Yet Christ in rising waves those horrors dread!
 For as in Adam, man to earth must yield,
 They live in Christ who wear the Christian shield;
 Each man in order by his Maker plac'd,
 Christ as their head, and next his chosen race;
 Who from his death his choicest blessings share,
 His flock for whom he suffer'd every care;
 The end accomplish'd, kingdoms are subdu'd,
 And the great globe no more by mortals view'd;
 By proclamation, yielding nature dies,
 While planets dropping from their native skies,
 See worlds on worlds, in dread confusion hurld,
 While elements as parchment scrolls unfurl'd,
 Declare presiding Nature's power absorb'd,
 Subservient yielding to all Nature's Lord;
 Authoritative power and rule shall cease,
 His reign must last till he establish peace;

Death,

Death, that grim tyrant ! last his end shall see,
 And Time, with scythe now sharp, disarm'd shall be ;
 Earth's powers absorb'd, superior worth presides,
 The hand that nurtur'd long man's fallen tribes ;
 Omniscient Power excepted is alone,
 Whose manifest decree to all is known ;
 All powers subservient to his glory bend,
 And humble JESU in that glory blend !
 When earthly vot'ries to their Maker fall,
 And Nature yields to her Creator's call !
 Then all in all shall God in glory shine,
 By those who're heavenly be declar'd divine !
 Else why shall they who're for the dead baptiz'd,
 Those truths declare if not the dead do rise ?
 Who then shall dare a mortal man proclaim,
 As God's own child, if Christ they dare not name ?
 And why do we in each momentous hour,
 Share Jeopardy's alarming trying power ?
 If we no future hope in truth profess,
 Why shudder at the great, and fear the less ?
 In Hope rejoicing every day I live ;
 I daily die, and JESU glory give.
 If as a man at Ephesus I fought,
 With beasts who long my happiness bewraught,
 What profit I, if dead as earth they lay,
 Who hope for glory at the judgment day !
 " Let us as mortals eat and drink and do,
 " Die on the morrow, and no sorrow shew ;"
 To Reason's eye no flattering mirror hold,
 Companions evil will dread tales unfold ;
 Manners deprav'd corrupted lessons tell,
 Communications of that sort expel ;

As

As virtuous Christians keep your morals pure,
 That with your Shepherd will your bliss insure;
 To good incline, nor sin again commit,
 Banish all harm, nor vicious scenes permit;
 Lest urg'd to wrath your faults I should expose,
 That you sublime ideas don't disclose,
 Doubting in faith, among you some will say,
 How shall the dead arise, and with what body they
 Shall stand at last, in that tremendous day,
 Fool as thou art, what'er thou sowest in seed,
 Must die and quicken, or be dead indeed.
 The casual hand which sows with seed the field,
 May find it wheat, or other grain may yield;
 Each seed we reap in produce as 'tis sent,
 In gifts fruitious to each man's content;
 Who to perform the task by heaven design'd,
 Doth to industry well apply his mind.
 Of varied flesh has orders been declar'd,
 Men, birds, beasts, fish, in various orders shar'd;
 Bodies terrestrial and celestial share,
 Each as in order, providential care;
 To rank and order is gradation given;
 Each have their guide by the decree of heaven.
 Sun, moon and stars, with vivid radiance glow,
 In glory varying, tho' to God they bow;
 Beauties congenial in their orbits shine,
 While their effulgence proves the work divine!
 Thus of the dead is resurrection shewn,
 Earth elemental incorrupt is known;
 Sown in dishonour, then in glory rais'd,
 Till ripen'd weakness glows with power to praise!

Nature refin'd, shall soar on wings of love,
 To scenes exalted in the realms above;
 Tradition's tidings Adam's history give,
 In Nature's plan as other men to live;
 But the blest Agent by the Almighty sent,
 Was Christ, whose fost'ring care to men was meant,
 That of their sins they should alike repent :
 Love towards the creatures of his Father's hand,
 Brought him from heaven to earth's precarious land,
 To save from guile man's dire corrupted race,
 That by his doctrine they future bliss might taste.
 Nature in ample scope at first presides,
 Till by celestial Powers she's purified;
 Man, earth's first produce of the human race,
 Terrestrial is, till purified by grace :
 In sympathy Christ left the etherial plains,
 On earth he dwelt, tho' still in heaven he reign'd !
 Himself he offer'd an atoning prize,
 For those whose penitence proclaim'd them wise !
 Those who his dictates by transgression foil'd,
 He banish'd from the due reward of toil ;
 His promise sacred to all those he gave,
 Who sanguine were to triumph o'er the grave :
 Heroic virtue with religion grac'd,
 Reward insures and will in heaven be plac'd :
 Believe me, brethren, that no earth clad frame,
 In mortal state, a seat in heaven can claim ;
 Corruption cannot those pure mansions tread ;
 Those incorrupt must to the earth be dead.
 People at large, this mystery great attend,
 Sleep not, for all who live doth God portend ;

Yet

Yet one great change shall animation see!
 One momentary change to all shall be!
 " The summons grand, transition's power obeys,
 " Corporeal mass, material now surveys!
 " The facultative passions chang'd shall be,
 " And instantaneously that change shall see!"
 Who on this globe terrestrial then shall stand,
 And the last judgment shall each sinner brand!
 When God his power tremendous shall display,
 And doom's-day-book shall each man's acts betray!
 When the trump awful shall it's sound extend!
 Louder! and louder! till the heavens rend!
 When earth, in terror, shall to atoms shake!
 Mountains and hills from their foundations shake!
 When rocks conceal'd beneath the briny wave,
 By earth convuls'd shall there no longer lave;
 Torn by the roots, the conflict dire shall share!
 Long as they foil'd the mariner's dread care;
 When thunders dread! shall thro' the regions roll!
 And the fork'd lightnings flash from pole to pole!
 Then up the dead shall from their caverns rise!
 Ocean it's numbers shall without disguise
 Reluctant yield, while tombs alike shall burst,
 And distant particles cement their dust!
 The charnel mansions shall their stores disclose,
 When bones and sinews men shall again compose!
 Then with their bodies cloath'd, each man shall
 stand,
 Waiting with trembling hope the great command!
 That shall his never ending bliss secure,
 Or doom him mansions totally impure!

When

When the Great Judge shall to each man decide, }
 As Vice, or Virtue, was his partial guide, }
 If justice should alone o'er man preside.
 But the great attribute of mercy shines,
 Thro' the blest Saviour JESU! e'er divine!
 Who shields the hope of mortals here below,
 That they with Him may in full glory glow!
 Then shall corrupt in incorruption shine,
 And mortal be immortally divine!!!
 Thus when corrupt shall incorruption know,
 And mortal in immortal glory glow!
 Then this great truth it's blessings shall disclose,
 How blest they'll be who from the dead arose!
 Since Death no longer can his power proclaim,
 That tyrant grim must ever miss his aim!
 The Grave alike! no victims more can close!
 But yields to conquest and declares repose.
 O Death! where is thy sting? aloud declare,
 Thy saints triumphant, now in glory share!
 O Grave aloof! where is thy victory now?
 Thou, like all tyrants, to the just shall bow!
 Thy dart, O Death! is sin whose strength by law is
 own'd,
 Which all must yield, where glory great is found;
 Thanks then to God on high! who victory gives,
 To those who with his son Christ Jesus lives!
 Thus then disciples whom I most esteem,
 Stedfast in faith I trust you'll always seem;
 From earth's allurements barr'd by Christian rules,
 In works abounding in Religion's schools;
 Your efforts then will not be vain you know,
 The Omnipotent to you will favour shew;

Vain

Vain no attempts in that great cause you'll see,
 God's sacred laws to all shall sacred be.

Thus this Apostle fraught with heavenly love,
 Taught men on earth to reach bright realms above!
 That he the glorious crown he earn'd might wear,
 Confirm'd in hope, he spurn'd all troubles here;
 May those glad truths to all the world be known,
 That all like him may wear a glorious crown.
 May faith and hope thro' virtuous channels flow,
 That those who write the power supreme may know;
 Nor with glad tidings spread the flow'ry way
 To others, and themselves be "cast away."

HUNDREDTH PSALM.

YE lands, with joys aspiring fame,
Sing praises to the Almighty's name!
With songs of gladness now appear;
With reverential awe draw near.

For he, our God, himself declares,
To us his daily bounty shares;
His people we, his pasture sheep,
He made us in his care to keep.

Into his gates, with lofty notes,
With thankful hearts, into his courts;
We'll enter in with joyful sound,
His greatness hail! the nations round,

For gracious is the Lord, our God!
His mercy and tremendous nod,
Thro' generations shall endure,
And pardon to his own secure,

For high in heaven he sits above!
The God of pure impartial love;
His truth to everlasting stands,
A fix'd memorial thro' the lands.

T O

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

Who owned himself subject to the Frailties of Nature.

IMPETUOUS youth, who Nature's follies own;
 Who at her frailties smile, where you should frown;
 Licentious deeds do not true love inspire,
 But feed, alas! impure ordeal fire:

Thro' fancy's glass you view ideal bliss,
 But this believe, she'll lead you far amiss.
 The road to vice is by dread snakes beset,
 Her aim, unhallow'd passions is to whet;
 Keen edg'd with ruin her sad laws you'll find,
 Her tract how direful to the youthful mind;
 The harbinger of woe to all who scan,
 Her baneful dictates in the will of man:
 Candor, 'tis true, may palliate the scene,
 And for a moment give a pleasing mien;
 Yet 'tis but on the surface she appears,
 No innate proof of hope in riper years;
 'Tis but the monitor that's plac'd within,
 Can banish from the mind that monster Sin!

A SONG

A S O N G

IN PRAISE OF THE GUITAR.

YE lyric soul'd maidens, of birth true sublime,
 Who glow with an ardour for music and rhyme,
 Of instruments which you on record would write,
 That the sweetest of passions can truly excite,
 You surely such merit rank high above par,
 As with innocence flows from the charming Guitar.

How tender the string, and how pleasing the sound,
 With what melody sweet does the echo abound,
 When a voice of sweet cadence in rapture does join,
 And virtue with music it's charms doth entwine,
 In the soul of a virgin as bright as a star,
 Who to challenge, can brandish her charming Guitar.

When with her soft finger the sound she conveys,
 The pliant amuser with pleasure obeys,
 Adds grace to her mien while in pleasing she shews,
 That in love when united, she means to amuse;
 Ye roving gay swains, who abroad stray so far,
 Learn at home you may chuse both a maid and
 Guitar.

The following SONGS and LINES are taken from the OPERA of

THE FEMALE HERMIT,

Written by the AUTHOR of the rest of the Work.

MORNING SONG.

By CELIA.

EXPANDING morning, pleasing scene,

Beauteous opening of the day,

Bright Phœbus clad in glorious mien,

Gilds nature with his cheering ray.

The violet's sweet perfume I own,

I view the primrose bright and gay,

And hear the lark's inspiring tune,

With transport new each rising day.

While here I do sequester'd live,

No anxious care my bosom wound;

No avarice here can torture give,

While riches in each herb are found.

O ye Zephyrs gently blowing,

Waft me to those realms above,

Where soft passions gently glowing,

May shield me from the tyrant Love.

MISS HARRIS,

On hearing the Martial History of the Soldier

O HOW my heart with ardour glows,
 Where martial triumph reigns,
 My natal courage how it flows,
 While rushing thro' my veins.

O had the Gods my sex decreed,
 That I the field might tread,
 Then had I flown with joyful speed,
 Mars should have wreath'd my head.

But since the milder sex is mine,
 Why then lament my fate,
 Were we as soldiers all to shine,
 Each man would want a mate.

AIR

AIR TO MIRTH,

BY THE SAME.

CHEARFUL let the moments glide,Where mutual friendship reigns,
Each dull thought suppress and chide,

Jocund mirth flows thro' our veins.

Music hail! the dance enjoy,

Nymphs and swains the call attend,

This is bliss which cannot cloy,

Pleasures here with pleasures blend.

AIR,

AIR.

AIR, TO M. R. T. H.
A I R,

BY LORD ELVILLE.

WINE is a cordial of the best,
It makes us great, it gives us rest,
It gives full glee to ev'ry soul,
Ne'er let us want a flowing bowl.
Gay Bacchus, rosy god of wine,
I ever ever will be thine,
Thy cause shall be my constant care,
Thy pleasures long I wish to share.

AIR.

AIR,

A I R,

BY MARMADUKE TRIGGER, THE SOLDIER.

THOSE many years past,
 In two wars first and last,
 I true to my country have been;
 I have fought up and down,
 In plain, city, and town,
 As by scars in full tale may be seen.
 When both hungry and poor,
 I have heard cannons roar,
 With a whiz o'er my head they have past;
 While a firing platoon,
 Has assail'd my poor crown,
 And made me relinquish at last.

A I R,

A I R,

A I R,

BY LORD COURTELY.

OF all the gay scenes which thro' life we pursue,
 Form'd to each as occasion requires,
 Our passions unite and we still keep in view,
 That hope which fresh ardour inspires.
 The palace, the cot, and the hermit's sweet cell,
 To dame Nature no barrier can form,
 Strange stories she whispers which secretly tell,
 With what art the male sex she can storm.
 When love bids defiance, what joys can explore,
 She can still o'er your pleasures preside,
 No riches on earth, thought but her you adore,
 Can sooth or the passions can chide.

'Tis Hymen the summons to bliss calls away,
 To his shrine he the sexes invites,
 Attend in good earnest, no longer delay,
 His pure lessons true bliss still excites.

A I R,

A PASTORAL SONG TO THE MORNING
A I R,

CELIA TO HER BIRDS.

SWEETEST of the feather'd throng,
 To you the sweetest strains belong,
 Your plaintive notes are mine;
 In harmless mirth our time we spent,
 My choicest aid I daily lent,
 My lays to blend with thine.

TO HER SQUIRREL.

AND thou fond partner of my care,
 Who nature's food did me prepare,
 Who shook the hazle bough;
 This tribute at my hand * attend,
 That I may be your constant friend,
 And love my whole life through.

* Giving it a nut.

A PASTORAL

A PASTORAL SONG TO THE MORNING,

BY CELIA.

THE rosy morn with cheering ray,
 Displays the ornaments of day;
 Calls forth to pleasure and to joy,
 To taste of bliss which cannot cloy.

The mossy carpet gently tread,
 See how with cowslips 'tis o'erspread,
 While insects skim the grass along,
 Hark how the lark attunes her song.

The ploughman whistling o'er the ground,
 With folded arms attends the sound,
 Of bleating herds who sportive play,
 Who dance and skip throughout the day.

Each shepherd smiling with his lass,
 Doth merry make the moments pass,
 Contented they, no envy know,
 And smile at riches here below.

C E L I A ' s

Rural Description of her Situation in the Hermitage.

IN Solitude's endearing charms,
 The rural scene I view,
 No anxious cares my breast alarms,
 Soft pleasures I pursue.

I tune my reed and tread the grove,
 The verdant lawn survey,
 At morn and eve I gladly rove,
 And Nature's laws obey.

While the sweet choristers abound,
 Who plaintive strains rehearse,
 They join in sweet aspiring sound,
 My humble lay in verse.

The bee with anxious care attends,
 The dew drops in the morn,
 The hawthorn, rose, and woodbine blends,
 The verdure to adorn.

The spreading oaks their arms extend,
 From scorching heat protect,
 Their friendly aid propitious lend,
 Where Boreas stern directs.

While such retreat no foes assail,
 What more have I to crave,
 The stream I sip, which ne'er will fail,
 Or I in silence lave.

Sure then in this no fate I blame,
 My guardian sure I keep,
 I'll not despise the hermit's name,
 While thus secure I sleep.

BY LORD COURTLEY.

THE girl that I love will I chuse for my wife,
 'Tis to her I must owe the chief bliss of my life;
 She'll sooth and she'll comfort whate'er may attend,
 Her smiles will endear me and make me her friend.
 I defy stern Ambition, that foe to all peace,
 Whose spectre alone makes all happiness cease;
 'Tis felicity true I pursue with such care,
 No fortune I boast but my Celia shall share.

PASTORAL

PASTORAL AIR,

WRITTEN BY CELIA IN THE HERMITAGE.

AS Dorinda was walking the meadows along,
 She met with a swain who demanded a song;
 He told her two lambkins just yean'd he would
 bring

To her cot, if a song to his mind she would sing.

She declar'd by her tone her intent to be kind,
 As she found the young shepherd was quite to her
 mind;

She sung him a song, which he took in good part,
 And so well he was pleas'd that he gave her his heart.

Their vows to each other they seal'd with a kiss,
 The swain soon perceiv'd she'd not take it amiss,
 So to church the next morning they hied with full
 speed,

Since which time they declare they are happy indeed.

A I R,

A I R,

BY LORD ELVILLE,

On his Disappointment in marrying Celia.

THO' the bottle I left and the chace I forgot,
A Diana was still in my view;
I mistook the fair Nymph of the wood for the cot,
And by love I was hoodwink'd it's true.

Yet tho' the fair damsel was deaf to my theme,
I'll not cowardly yield in the sport,
But search the world round for one who may seem
Well pleas'd with the chace as the court.

Who a leap o'er a hedge or a gate will defy;
Who will rise with the lark in the morn;
Who will listen with glee to the hounds in full cry,
And rejoice at the sound of the horn.

TO

T O

A FAVOURITE FEMALE FRIEND.

VIRTUES as great as ever mind possess,
 Combin'd are in this lovely creature's breast;
 Friendship's the ruling motive of her mind,
 With love, sincerity, and truth refin'd;
 Constancy in her happy mind appears,
 Compassion lends distress her balmy tears.
 Describ'd her virtues, what remains to say,
 The object of her heart I next display:
 Happy the man who's honour'd with her love,
 May he a faithful partner ever prove;
 That on their joyful nuptial day,
 My fault'ring Muse shall thus with pleasure say:
 Two faithful hearts in unity are found,
 As with each others hand and with they're crown'd;
 Long may congenial bliss their hours blend
 Long may they live to be each other's friend.

T O

T O

A YOUNG LADY,

Desiring to know the News of the Town.

YOU ask me news; but what must I relate,
 The talks of war, and lottery, and state;
 There's blanks and prizes, some ten thousand
 pounds,
 With blanks of late Britannia's isle abounds.
 What dire effects the loss of forts has had,
 Minorca! Oswego! none in their stead
 Britannia's gain'd—but hope kind justice will
 Reward her hero*, whose great merit still,
 Shines forth tho' conquer'd, and in conquest will. }
 But haste, my Muse, to some more pleasing theme,
 And boast of Britain's captures in the stream;
 Whose Captains from the ocean daily bring,
 Prizes t'enrich their owners and their king;
 Like Mars, they fear no thund'ring cannons roar,
 Nor thousand bullets, be they far from shore;
 But conquest is their aim, on which depends,
 Peace to Britannia's isle, for happy ends.

* The brave General Blakeney.


 F I N I S.

F R E E D O M.

Written in the Year 1786, by Jane Elizabeth Moore. Composed by Captain Potier.

tr. *tr.* *S.* *S.* On the cliff's whited

Allegretto

summit, a female behold, on whose forehead is written in letters of gold. On the cliff's whited summit a

female be—hold, on whose forehead is written in letters of gold, the best prize of Britannia, sweet freedom by

trumpet. *S.*

trumpet.

name, then a—loud found the trumpets de—clare her glad fa—me. To the

S.

tr.

tr.

S.

Standard of freedom with joy let's re—pair.

II
 The nations around, such a plant cannot raise,
 'Tis bold Britons alone can sing songs to her praise.
 Some regions too warm, and some others too cold :
 'Tis the medium of England, such pleasures unfold.
 To the standard, &c.

III
 Sweet freedom ! the charter of nature at large,
 Soft sonnets repeat to the whole of her charge ;
 She holds out a mild banner, which prudence should guide,
 Her lessons well timed, the gross passions will chide.
 To the standard, &c.

IV
 Then in time my good friends, while a spark is in sight,
 Take care she's not lost in oblivion's dark night ;
 For the musical firing too hard strained may be broke :
 Then take care to ward off so alarming a stroke.
 To the standard of freedom with joy let's repair,
 It will give us fresh courage, and banish despair.

WHILE THE WORLD ITS ALLUREMENTS,

Written by Jane Elizabeth Moore. Composed by Captain Potier.

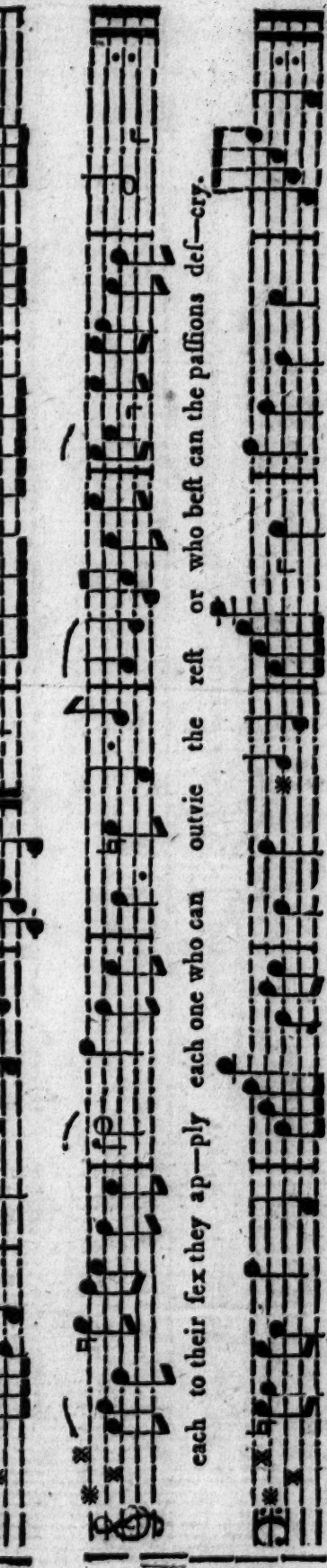
Andantino.

While the

S.

world its allurements displays to the old to the gay and the young, each at-tend to its joys in their

days with soft music with dance or a song. they frolick they rove or they jest as



II

At the chase, at the bottle, or other good cheer,
At the ball, at the rout, or the play,
Attend my good friends, with reason to steer
Then nought can your pleasures dismay.
With such a good pilot, what have we to fear,
No excess can her boundaries tread ?
She'll give us a lesson, and fix a barrier:
While she calmly presides at the head.

III

Such a guide to conduct, sure no foes can assail,
Nor feuds e'er our peace can destroy ;
'Tis friendship, pure friendship must ever prevail,
And through life, all our thoughts well employ.
In harmony sweet our hours shall pass,
And tranquility yield us repose
In each rank of life and through each varied class
Our evening shall peacefully close.